

# THE MAINE FARMER

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS LITERATURE NEWS, ETC.

THE MAINE FARMER PUBLISHING CO., Publishers and Proprietors.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

TERMS: \$1.50 per Annum, in Advance.

Vol. LXV.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1897.

No. 43.

## Maine Farmer.

### THESE THINGS DO!

#### SUBSCRIBE

For the Maine Farmer!

#### READ

The Maine Farmer!

#### ADVERTISE

In the Maine Farmer!

#### PATRONIZE

Maine Farmer Advertisers!

If you like the Farmer, please tell your friends; if not, tell the publishers.

Significant! A Chicago manufacturer of butterine has named a special brand "Hofstein."

Early apples quick in the market at a dollar a bushel! Where is that man who last year thought that apples would never be worth anything again?

With prices of the products of the farm all climbing farmers will soon forget the discouragements over the low values of last year.

Beans are on the boom. Prices have made a remarkable jump. Cause, a greatly reduced area planted and unpromising condition of those which are growing.

The Maine Farmer office at the State Fair, Lewiston, will be open as usual during the exhibition, where the proprietors or some one of the editorial staff of the paper may be found. Subscribers and friends of agriculture and defenders of its interests will at all times be welcome. Give us a call.

Sweet peas are the universal favorites among lovers of flowers. Every dooryard, garden and border, literally, has its cluster of this blooming fragrance. Everywhere it is now in its glory. A peculiar trait of its nature is that the more you pluck it the more of its gems it will multiply for your pleasure.

It is settled, the potato crop of New England and New York will be the lightest known in many years. Many were planted extremely late on account of wet. The blight has set upon these before the tubers had scarce started to grow. It is too early to give a reliable estimate of the crop in Aroostook. It is safe to say that the farmer fortunate enough to have any to sell will get a high price for them.

Bulletins 36 and 37 from the Experiment Station at Orono make announcement of the laws enacted by the last legislature, providing for the testing of seeds and the inspection of feeding stuffs, and give the rules and regulations arranged at the station governing the same. The law relating to seeds takes effect Sept. 1, and that governing feeding stuffs on Oct. 1 of the present year. Those wishing for these directions and regulations will send for copies of the bulletins to the Director of the station, Chas. D. Woods, Orono.

No one attending the Fair next week at Lewiston should overlook the tent exercises held each day in the grove. It is a new feature and a capital idea. When tired from looking about among the multitude of objects of interest, repair to the tent, take a comfortable seat, and while resting listen to a pleasing address from some one speaker whom you have before wished to meet and to hear. It will be a pleasant innovation, and besides, information will be gained. The intelligent will be aroused into activity, interest awakened. Don't fail to give these exercises a measure of time.

A POPULAR ERROR.

"If people knew what the separator takes out of milk they would have one." Thus writes a dairyman, referring we infer to that material that is found adhering to the bowl of the separator after a lot of milk has been creamed, and erroneously denominated "ditch." In special pleading for the separator we have time and again heard speakers from the platform, as they showed a lump of this gummy, unsavory looking material, represent that the separation of this stuff from the cream was a marked advantage of the separator over other methods of separating the cream from the milk. We presume they knew no better, but there never was a plainer error.

This objectionable material, (nobody knows what it is,) is thrown to the outer surface of the milk and adheres to the bowl of the separator. This is proof that the substance in question is the heaviest part of the milk. If the heaviest part of the milk, then when milk is set to cream by any of the common methods this so called "ditch" material settles to the bottom of the milk instead of rising to the surface with the cream. Hence the cream is as pure and free from that material in the one case as the other. Dairyman should see to it they are not led astray by the cunning of interested salesmen. Correct teaching—facts, are what are wanted.

#### HARMONY.

A matter of business recently took us into the town of Harmony in Somerset county. This is one of those strictly rural towns possessing natural advantages within itself, but which has so far been left out of easy communication by the lines of railroad, passing around it on either side, but not yet reaching its borders. A railroad has been projected from the neighboring town of Hartland, as all readers doubtless know, directly to the centre of the town which has been half constructed, but for reasons known to somebody no doubt still hangs fire. Long and steep hills to climb, and long miles to measure with trains in order to reach centres of activity have somewhat crippled the ambition of the town and held it back from that importance and that influence in its relations to other towns and to the business of the county that otherwise would have been the case.

Harmony is a farming town. In this direction it possesses many advantages. Located as it is away from our larger cities and centres of accumulated population, its farming, of course, must be of a kind adapted to its situation. No other could be successful. The whole town is a succession of hills though not broken. The land lays in broad yet high swells, and spread out over and over these hills are broad fields of smooth uplands, never seriously obstructed with rocks, and affording the best facilities profitable for sheep husbandry and stock raising. This the farmers have been doing. Pastures broad clothed in a thick mat of sweet grasses lie up and down these slopes, and afford grazing in abundance almost without cost from spring to winter for all the stock the farmer wishes to handle. The broad fields furnish plenty of the best of hay for winter keep. That the farmers have prospered in the line of work carried on, there is abundant evidence on every hand. The farms are large, buildings good and kept in repair, and their occupants are not in debt. Of this last we speak in confidence, as our business with them at the time was connected with insurance and we had the opportunity to learn that farming has done this; the soil has produced what is there made evident. Here is not found the surroundings of the great centres, nor the whirl of activity, nor the bustle of society that go with them, but here is health, wealth, comfort, peace and prosperity, and that intelligence that goes with our native born population without scar or blemish. What more can a people want; what more could a blessing to present conditions!

Here are found the ideal conditions for a sheep husbandry. Formerly this was a large industry in town, but the flocks here as elsewhere have been decimated and in some cases wiped out by the discouragements of low prices for wool prevailing for a few years past. But better prices are already at hand and better to come in sight, and farmers thus situated can do no better than to begin at once to increase their flocks. Wool grown on these high land farms was noted years ago among buyers for the superior quality of its fiber as compared with many other localities, and was especially sought for on that account. Hence there will always be a ready demand and at top prices for all that can be produced.

So, too, young cattle can be bred and reared on these farms to advantage. Young cattle can be grown up at small cost on the sweet grasses and nutritious hay of these farms and coin money for their owners. Good cows will sell at fancy prices any day and choice steers will always be in demand so long as people eat beef. This kind of products will carry itself to market though the rails are never laid into town. Here, then, is the great opportunity for the farmers in this town to go on and continue the prosperity so well begun. So green as grass grows and hillside are long there is success to be wrought out on these broad Harmony farms so long as the owners are up and after it.

In the care of highways the town of Harmony is a model that many a wealthier and more populous town might well follow. If any town is embarrassed over the problem of "good roads," go to Harmony and learn her ways. Here is a strictly rural town, not wealthy, as the term goes, sparsely peopled—less than seven hundred inhabitants—and twenty-five miles of hill roads in substantially model condition. We passed over many miles of road while in town and scarce a rut but was in faultless condition. The roadway is wider, ditches deep and free from bushes, face of the road well rounded, freed from all pebbles, and so true and smooth as to carry a wagon without jolt or shake. Harmony has solved the "good roads" problem, and without the assistance of the legislature or instruction from professional engineers.

THE HAY CROP.

The harvest of the hay crop is finally over. It has been a protracted and perplexing work on account of the frequent storms and the almost daily recurring showers. A larger measure of the hay than usual is late cut, which leaves it not the best, while much of it is more or less colored by being wet after cut. Most

of the farmers report a larger crop than last year, now that the final estimate is made up. The grass made rapid growth the last half of July and the few days it was standing in August, which added materially to the yield as promised in the first of the month. This was a young growth that came up new from the bottom. While a mixture of the old and the new grass does not make a handsome hay to look upon, yet to feed out to stock the combination makes a fodder not essentially inferior to the hay cut at the regulation time. So, for market, the Maine hay crop is not up to the usual standard of good looks, but for home use Maine farmers have their barns well filled with stock fodder.

In addition to the hay crop there is a large breadth of oats, and peas, and Hungarian now being harvested for fodder. Altogether there is an abundance of stock fodder for the coming winter.

PREPARE FOR NEXT YEAR.

The season now passing by has been an unfavorable one for farmers of New England, and Maine farmers especially. The year has been full of discouragements. But farmers have to live out of their business hence cannot relax their efforts in consequence of that which has passed by. In fact on account of the partial failure of efforts this year to bring expected results there is all the more need of enlarged business on their farms next year. Besides, one extreme is usually followed by the opposite, so we may confidently look forward to a season of good crops and bountiful harvests another year. A farmer succeeds by his good works, if at all, so there never is a time or a year to relax his efforts.

It is now the time to begin preparations for another year. The season for seeding in spring is short and does not give time for all the work preparatory for crops that an active farmer ought to do. It is necessary that some of this be done in advance. There is now an opportunity before the late harvest comes on to push a good measure of such work. Begin now and plow up that large field in preparation for a crop of corn or of oats and peas another year. Put that team to work instead of standing in the stable idle for a month. Cart on the manure and then stir up those furrows, no matter how often or how deep. We talk much of thorough work, but too often it is more of talk than of work, and the spring finds it not done and no time to do it, and the crop that is needed and might have been a part of the harvest is not realized. Strike out for something more and better. As soon as a harvest is secure begin the preparation for another. We want more of cultivated crops and less fields of light grass; more acres under the plow and a shorter rotation. In order to bring this about every opportunity must be improved to prepare the land in readiness for the seeding.

We like the idea of applying the manure in autumn and working it up thoroughly with the soil. It matters not what the crop, the more the soil is stirred up and mixed up the better will be the crop. Start in now to next year produce more on the farm than ever before.

THE STATE FAIR.

All aboard for the State Fair! Everything is in full readiness for the State Fair at Lewiston next week, and there is going to be a grand exhibition. All hands will go as usual of course, and go to see the exhibition and the legitimate work that forms a part of it and necessarily goes with it. It makes us tired to hear so much about "attractions," as though they were the chief concern. The State Society rightly goes in for an exhibition, and bases its claims for attention on this legitimate work. So far the people of the State have accorded full endorsement to this course and have given the occasion their enthusiastic patronage. They go to the fair for the exhibition, and not for mere fun. If the State Fair has no more important mission than to furnish fun for a price, then the State is no longer justified in rendering it financial aid or even chartering its existence. The circus and the dancing girls furnish amusement to those who are searching for such, and they ask no State aid.

All know that the exhibition at Lewiston will be an all-round representation of the industries of the State, from the choice animals and products of the farm to the finest exhibition of the craft of her people and the skill of her mechanics. And, further, all know that all this array will not be marred or scarred with immoral or irrelevant attachments. Our State Fair has grown to be a model in its way and is prospering in its course. Arrangements were never before so complete nor the machinery of its running so well organized. The people of the State are in full sympathy with the aims and methods of the society and they will be on hand next week in force as usual.

WHERE IS THE BLAME?

There was more than a little kicking at Portland on the part of our Maine stock exhibitors over the intervening week between the Portland show and the State Fair and the clashing of dates at Lewiston and Bangor. In the absence

of Bangor officials to fire at, there was some disposition shown to blame the State society managers for this condition of things. We hardly see how any fault or error can be charged up against the State Fair managers. They fixed their dates several years ago, and besides, they were first announced to the public for exhibition of this year. The New England very considerably took the early date they did in order to leave the week prior to the State Fair open for Bangor as usual. But Bangor declined to take that time, hence the vacancy. We do not see how the State Fair is responsible for it. There was room for Bangor either before or after the dates fixed for Lewiston, but no other than a conflict seemed to satisfy those having the matter in charge. If Bangor had seen fit to take the week following Lewiston no doubt Bangor would have come up a week later, and thus filled the time without a break.

FREE SCHOLARSHIPS IN PRACTICAL DESIGN.

A limited number of free scholarships have been given by the School of Industrial Art and Practical Design, by prominent New York women. Applicants for these scholarships will please send specimens of their work in any artistic line to the school, 120 West 23d street, New York, N. Y., on or before Sept. 1, 1897. These scholarships are valued at \$200 each, and will enable the beneficiaries to become self-supporting by giving them an education as practical designers of silks, oilcloths, wall papers, carpets of all grades, book covers, stained glass, dress goods, and all textiles, both printed and woven. Also as teachers of practical and mechanical drawing and design in public or private schools.

The President of this incorporated institution, Mrs. Florence Elizabeth Cory, has been for over twenty years identified with the education of women in the applied arts, and seventeen years ago founded this school, the only one of its kind in the world. It is the only existing school where women are taught to make practical working designs for goods where the pattern is brought to the surface by means of the Jacquard loom. The intricacies of designing for carpets, brocades, raw silk furniture coverings, Marseilles quilts, silk gingham, and goods of like nature, having been deemed—in other institutions—too difficult for the feminine mind to master; therefore, in these schools is taught merely the simple branches of design for printed goods only.

The success, however, of the pupils of this original school of practical design, in the obtaining of lucrative positions in the design room of factories, and in the sale to manufacturers of their work, proves that women can and do master the requirements and limitations of machinery, and learn to adapt their designs to them.

Any woman or girl who is faithful and persevering, who can do neat, careful workmanship, who can prove her necessity for this education, and her utter inability to pay for instruction, is eligible for a scholarship. She must, of course, give satisfactory reference as to worth, and the need of such assistance, and must show evidence of a taste for artistic work.

Circulars of the school, and full information may be obtained by addressing the President; state all questions clearly, and enclose stamp for circulars and reply. Instruction by correspondence is not included in these scholarships, but is given by correspondence in all branches taught in the school to those who positively cannot enter the classes.—From all New York Papers.

AGRICULTURAL INFORMATION.

The September Bulletin will be about the Farmers' Homes.

The September bulletin of the State Board of Agriculture will be on the subject of "The Home and its Conveniences." In the announcements sent out, Secretary B. Walker McKee of the board says:

"We have sometimes thought it might be possible that some farmers spend more time considering merely the routine work which presents itself so forcibly every day, and less time considering some of the problems connected with the home, than is for their best interests. However important the former may be, it is but the means towards the attainment of objects which constitute the real purpose of life, foremost among which is the home. The comforts, the enjoyments of the home arise, not from its magnificence or its luxuries, but from a due consideration of those little conveniences and appointments which only a thoughtful person can provide.

"We make this bulletin a number in which we ask our correspondents to give us their ideas on all questions relating to the conveniences of the home, and we hope they will respond freely. Let the subjects discussed cover such points as the arrangement of water for house and barn; general plan of kitchen, pantry, etc.; arrangements for warming living rooms in winter; benefits of sunlight; best means for maintaining the sanitary condition of the home, and any other points which may present themselves to you. We will reproduce any

drawings which may be received, and will answer all questions as fully as possible."

The crop questions for September are relative to the hay crop, fruit, potato crop and corn crop on the percentage basis, the condition of the last three and the proportion of the grain crop harvested and to be fed unthreshed. Inquiries are also made about any indication of rot, or any rust in potatoes.

MADE BLUE WITH THEIR LAMENTATIONS that beef cannot be raised upon the farm except at a loss, and that farming does not pay.

I have never been an enthusiast in the matter of dairying and have never failed when I could get a chance to enter my protest against the oft-repeated heresy, that there is no danger in overproduction. I know there is danger in overproduction, and it will surely come in every case and to every product when it is known that there is money in it. We have suffered wretchedly from an overproduction in the beef market, but it seems to me that this is now rapidly passing away, while in dairying it is just coming on.

Far be it from me to abate one jot or tittle from the interest any one may have in dairying. Grant, if you please, that it is the leading industry of the farm to-day, in fact almost everything that is claimed for it, then I may be permitted to say that for me I had rather have upon the farm to-day twenty oxen of the right kind than forty cows.

More money can be got out of them and get easier. I am aware that the man with one horse, one cow and a cow-set sheep will not agree to this, and doubtless the much better farmer who has staked his all upon cows will not agree to it. But go to Farmington, Solon, Anson, Deering, and many other towns, where these steers and oxen are raised, and from which they will soon come to our farms, and the men who raise them will agree to it. I have just seen in the paper this scrap:

E. C. Jewett, Whitefield, raises good Durham and Hereford stock. He had a pair of oxen which girthed 8 feet 2 in., which he sold to go across the water. He has a pair of 3-year-olds, 6 feet 7; a pair of 2-year-olds 5 feet 8, and a pair of yearlings 5 feet in the line. Ask him what he is raising this stock at a loss.

If the farmers are to recover their lost ground, if they will win back the lost prestige of the farm, they must have upon it in the near future, more stock; and this stock must include what is now unhappily gone, viz., sheep, steers and oxen. Nature has indicated that this is a good year to enter upon this work. The markets also indicate the same thing. Seldom if ever have the barns contained so much hay as now. Corn and other feeds are unusually low. Therefore get together some nice calves and start now. It is not only "the cattle upon a thousand hills," but a thousand cattle upon the hills, that do this.

FOR THE MAINE FARMER. WHERE ARE THE DOLLARS.

BY J. E. BAKER.

I was pleased to receive a copy of the Farmer, and to be informed that there is to be a great change for the better to those engaged in agriculture. We have always had sensationalists, and we should not be surprised at this time, after being advised to abandon this and that branch of husbandry to go into some other, altogether new business that has harassed the farmer for the last thirty years. Then farm work was mostly done by oxen and boys raised on the farm. How changed! Then the farmer could improve his fields and do some ditching, or afford to hire help, to let the boys and girls go away to school, and if a neighbor wanted to borrow some money he could find it among some of his neighbors.

But since the farmers were advised that it was far better to buy factory-woven cloth than home-made, sell your wool, plant sweet corn and buy western-grown corn, was money-making business to the farmer. Raise colts instead of calves, buy beef rather than to raise it. Keep only cows on the farm and they of the 300-pound standard of butter. Then the advantage of selling milk to a condensed milk factory; all these and more have been heralded forth by the newspaper men. Eureka! we have found the philosopher's stone, which will give rise success. And after following this advice we read now from the same paper: "The cry of hard times has for a long time been abroad in the land. On the street, in the shop, at the mill, in political circles and public gatherings the hard times have been the leading theme of conversation. Prices have been seriously low, business dull and laborers out of employment. The newspapers of the day have caught up the common chord and have played it along with the rest for all it was worth."

Now for a newspaper to state that "the times are not unprecedentedly hard to the farmer," calls forth from the readers, "how do you make this out?" Sheep all gone, oxen gone, no yellow corn, colts never lower in market, Western beef nearly as high from the cart as it was in war times, while many of the farmers have accumulated more or less debt, which is drawing interest and is to be paid. Now where shall we get the money? Shall we hire more money and buy a flock of sheep, and wait and have them pay the debts? We want advice

few years ago would bring \$300, and to-day would bring at least \$150. They were sold for \$52.50 with the yoke thrown in. Corn was then worth \$1 a bushel, now it is worth less than 40 cents. Yet there are now farmers living in an atmosphere which they create.

Made blue with their lamentations that beef cannot be raised upon the farm except at a loss, and that farming does not pay.

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for the common farmer, not the class that I. C. Libby points out with "twenty good dairy cows, ten sows, fifty good sheep, ten growing steers and one hundred hens, more than liable to a snug little sum in some savings bank." This kind of a farmer to-day would be an uncommon sight in Cumberland county. These things do for the readers, before you can expect them to patronize the Maine Farmer.

Naples. For the Maine Farmer. HONEY.

Ancient and Modern—Pure and Bogus. BY REV. C. M. HERRING.

This product from the bees is among the oldest and best of God's creation. The most ancient writings extant bring to our notice the abundance and richness of this commodity. All through the five books of Moses, the bee and her product are treated as among the great gifts of nature to man. Ancient history is full of this subject. Jacob, Job, David and Solomon—all magnify the virtues and sweetness of honey. And the most ancient noted pagan writers, in prose and verse, have celebrated the wisdom of the bee, her most precious gift.

We are told that Pythagoras, in the latter part of his life, lived on bread and honey very largely till he died, at the age of 90 years. Virgil supposed that this delicious sweetness fell from heaven upon the flowers, in the shape of an invisible dew, and thus became the gift of the gods to enlivening humanity. This notion was shared by Pliny and other philosophers.

In these days of many inventions, honey in the market does not always come to us in its pure state. The honest article, we are told, consists of the saccharine juices of plants, collected by bees from flowers, and deposited by them in the wax cells of their combs. Market honey is not always of this character. Dishonest honey is a device of fallen humanity, made effectual by the help of the bees, by which to make money.

The inventor introduces starch, sugar, glucose and other articles, not known in the honest workings of nature, for the sake of more and cheaper bulk. Common sugar syrup is largely fed to the bees all through the season. This conveys to the cells of their combs and seal it over as though it were real honey. Made from the best of sugar it often looks richer than that from the flowers, and it sells to those who know no better for the highest price. Such is a source of great gain: sugar at six cents, and honey at twenty-five, makes the business pay.

The people are hardly aware how much such honey is sold in the market, and this business puts honest bees to a great disadvantage. Many years ago, I was wont to visit my old friend Torrey, then of Houlton, who was running an apriary on this plan. He was secretive to most people about his device, but to me, his student, he owned up the whole thing, for I could but see his immense stores of sugar, and I quizzed him sharply on his method of turning sugar into honey. His only excuse was that the honey, thus produced, always took the premium at the fairs.

To this day, Mrs. Cotton has many disciples in this State and in the regions beyond. It is to the credit, however, of all our bee associations, so far as I know, that they have ever uttered their condemnation of this cheat. But there is one use of sugar syrup which is honorable and of great advantage in bee culture—it will supply the lack of stores on which to winter bees, and if properly applied, will save late swarms.

Early in September is the time to feed, and be sure that all light hives are well supplied with winter stores. Feeding in the winter is bad business. From November to March the bees should be profoundly left alone, unless they are restless—then, on some warm day, give them a fly and return them again to their rest. The wet season has been unfavorable for gathering honey. Unless the late flocks of September should pour out their treasures profusely, my crop will be well nigh a failure. Now it is a hard show for honey and apples on my home lot but I rejoice in the faith of a "good time coming" later on.

The weather crop bulletin for the past week says of Maine: Nearly all correspondents are unanimous in the opinion that the potato crop will be a partial failure at least. The tops have made a heavy and thrifty growth, but the tubers are small, and rust is quite generally affecting the crop. The general condition of all crops is at a low average. The prevailing cool weather makes it certain that little corn can mature, and much will be used for food and ensilage. A few pieces of grain have been cut in fairly good condition, and in some southern sections oats are all in. Grain is ripening very slowly. Enormous quantities of blackberries are being picked; garden vegetables looking at their very best; apples scarce.

The Maine Farmer officially announces a change of ownership by which Dr. Twitchell becomes the manager. In the past the Maine Farmer has always been an excellent paper and had much to commend it. We know Dr. Twitchell so well and so favorably that we predict a steady improvement in the paper in many ways.—New England Farmer.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Married.

In this city, August 11, Harry A. Tyler to Miss Anna F. F. of Augusta.

In Auburn, August 7, Freeman C. Farnham to Miss Alice M. Cary, both of Auburn.

In Bridgton, August 1, Charles True Stone to Miss Hannah Augusta Davis, both of Bridgton.

In Bluehill, July 26, Sidney Howe of Meigs, Mass., to Mrs. Annie M. Boyden of Bluehill, Aug. 3, Arthur H. Eaton to Miss Asenath Eaton, both of Little Deer Isle.

In Camden, August 10, Marcus Goddard to Miss Sarah E. Blaisdell, both of Camden.

In Camden, formerly of Washington, D. C., to Miss Gertrude Elwood, both of Rumbold.

In Dixmont, August 7, George W. Smith of Dixmont, to Miss Emily Lovell of Worcester, Mass.

In Dover, August 1, Walter Llewellyn of Dover, to Miss Flora E. Stratton of Dover.

In Dixmont, August 7, Alexander Dudley to Miss Alice M. Grover.

In Farmington, August 7, Thos. C. Dustin to Miss Lizzie L. Wells, both of Farmington.

In Gardiner, Aug. 6, Simon Littlefield to Miss Sarah E. Blaisdell, both of Gardiner.

In Chester, L. Noyes of Augusta, to Miss L. E. Angell of New York.

In Mexico, Aug. 1, A. E. Small to Miss Lena O. Park.

In Portland, Aug. 4, Franklin S. Tabbot of Providence, R. I., to Miss Lora F. Parks of Portland.

In Portland, Aug. 12, Alfred M. Boothby to Miss L. E. Angell, both of Portland.

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## Woman's Department.

## THE BROKEN TOY.

A broken toy—what memories cling  
About this half forgotten thing,  
What baby laughter seems to rise,  
Like old, delightful melodies  
That sound of wondrous, tender joy  
At sight of this poor broken toy!

Oh, tiny feet that would not rest!  
Oh, dear head pillowed on our breast,  
What would we give to hold again  
The form we lost mid tears and pain!  
Ah, child, the empty cot is bare,  
But time the sunshine and the flowers!

What could we give thee shouldst thou  
Come  
To smile again upon thy home?  
Such little pleasures as we know  
In this twilight life below,  
Some fragrant of earth's pearly joys,  
A handful of its broken toys!

How calm thy lot, forever blest!  
How exquisite thy happy rest!  
How changeless, joyful and serene,  
Compared with what thy lot had been  
With us, whose feelings, clouded joys,  
Are at their last but broken toys!

—Chamberlain's Journal.

## What Is Needed to Make the Farmer's Home More Attractive?

This does not seem such a difficult question, yet how much it contains. If woman is left to stand alone in the make-up of the farmer's home attractive with her many other duties, not to mention the unnecessary steps to gather up the husband's wearing apparel he leaves where ever it suits him best, and keeping his Sunday garb in order as well.

If in absence of a button, how soon he reminds her that his mother always kept his buttons in place. As the wife is crowded with many other cares she soon feels that she has but little time for the outward appearance of home.

If the farmer would spend half or even one third of the time helping his wife plan and beautify the home that he spends in picnicing, buggy riding and many other ways, his home would be a haven of neatness.

There can be much done during winter in the way of cleaning up, and planning for spring, that when the proper time comes there need but little time be spent to help the wife, who left her home with its many pleasant surroundings for his happiness.

Some men appear happy if they have a good woman in the house and a few Johnny-jump-ups in the yard, but women are not satisfied with the pangs alone, since the All-wise Providence has given so much of Nature's beauty they yearn for more of its fragrance.

We can have our homes made very attractive by a few hours work and small expense each year.

How beautiful a few shrubs and flowers; what luscious fruits from trees and vines. How pleasant the hours spent among them to make up the enjoyment of the farmer's home. We can but feel if the farmers could but receive a fair reward for their labor they would indulge more freely in building up the attractions of their homes.

We must not overlook the children of these homes in our eagerness to arrange our work, we must attend to little wishes which are very dear to them. They are not attracted by the old "tater boards" we used to enjoy, but wish for games and many other amusements and they must be allowed them, we must make the home attractive for the children of the farm.

The farmer's home can become a place of great beauty with a small outlay and hands that are willing to work. Home is the place of refuge. Tossed day by day on the rough ocean of life, the soul yearns for a place of sweet repose, here our hearts become quiet and our spirits bask in the peaceful delights of home.

The Perfect Woman.

The perfect woman, physically, says an artist in this city, should measure 5 feet, 5 inches in height and should weigh 128 pounds.

The extended arms, from the tip of the middle finger to the tip of the middle finger, should measure the exact height of the body—5 feet, 5 inches.

The diameter of the chest should be one-fifth of the height, the foot one-seventh, and the hand one-tenth.

From the thigh to the ground should be the same length as from the thigh to the top of the head, and the knee should come exactly midway between the heel and the thigh.

The distance from the elbow to the middle of the chest should be the same as from the elbow to the middle finger, and the length of the foot should measure the same as the distance from the lower point of the chin to the top of the head.

The waist measure should be 24 inches; bust measure, if taken under the arms, 34 inches; if measured over them, 43 inches.

The wrist should measure 6 inches, upper arm 13 inches, thigh 25 inches, calf of leg 14½ inches.—New York Tribune.

## SIZE OF THE SUN.

To Journey Across it by Train Would Take Two Years and a Half.

The sun, provided we measure only the disk seen with smoked glass, is 866,000 miles in diameter, i. e., 108 earths could be comfortably ranged side by side across the disk. To cover the surface would require many thousands. To fill the interior we should need 1,300,000. On a smaller scale we might represent the sun by a ball two feet in diameter and the earth by a good-sized grain of shot.

Let the sun be hollowed out, then place the earth at its center, and let the moon revolve about it at its real distance of 240,000 miles. There would yet remain nearly 200,000 miles of space between the moon's orbit and the inclosing shell of the sun.

Indeed, to journey from one side of the sun to the other, through the center, would take one of our swift express trains nearly two years and a half.

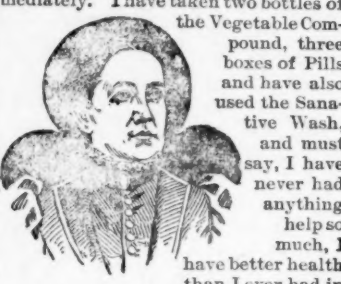
So vast a globe must be heavy. Since its density is only one-quarter that of the earth, it only weighs as much as 332,000 earths or 2,000,000,000,000 of tons.

The attraction of gravity on its surface would cause a man whose weight was 150 pounds to weigh two tons.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## MRS. KRINER'S LETTER

## About Change of Life.

"I suffered for eight years and could find no permanent relief until one year ago. My trouble was Change of Life. I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and relief came almost immediately. I have taken two bottles of the Vegetable Compound, three boxes of Pills and have also used the Sanative Wash, and must say, I have never had anything help so much, I have better health than I ever had in my life. I feel like a new person, perfectly strong. I give the Compound all the credit. I have recommended it to several of my friends who are using it with like results. It has cured me of several female diseases. I would not do without Mrs. Pinkham's remedies for anything. There is no need of so much female suffering. Her remedies are a sure cure."—Mrs. ELIA KRINER, Knightstown, Henry Co., Ind.



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## THE DECORATIVE JAPANESE.

Home Ways of Summer Life Among the Mikado's People.

Gardens excepted, there are no outward manifestations of the old poetry of Japanese life so remarkable as those summer houses occupying all the picturesque sites of the country. Wherever there is a view worth going to see you will almost certainly find a summer house built to command it, no matter how wild or poor the district.

You will find summer houses clinging to sea cliffs over the thunder of breakers, nestling in shadows of gorges over the roaring of rapids, strutted out over the precipitous fronts like eagles' nests at the verge of dead craters. For in Japan there will always be summer guests wherever there is summer beauty, travelers happy to please their eyes and rest their feet and to leave some coppers in payment for the privilege of the vision and the repose.

The summer house at which I am now staying is typical of the class, a simple structure of two stories, simply and strongly built after the manner of peasants' dwellings and at a cost of perhaps \$60. Timber is cheap here. On the other side of Japan such a building could not be put up for \$300. It stands on the edge of a lofty cliff and overlooks a little bay near ancient Matsuyama. From ground floor to roof it is open on three sides, and on the seaward side shelter from the sun and wind is given by trees rooted in the cliff below, but towering far above the eaves—enormous pines, with branches many feet in girth. Between the zigzags of those mighty limbs there are glimpses of the sea and fishing sails (canvases or straw) flitting like white or yellow butterflies, and the far pale thread line of the Hoki coast, and Daisen's cone thrusting into the clear sky like some prodigious blue crystal, or, looking directly down over the needle foliage of younger pines, you see the twinkling of the bay and bathing laundries among the rocks, and children playing with seaweed and shells. You view the world as a fishbowl views it, though I presume with vastly different sensations. After a swim it is delightful to sleep here, the sharp, sweet sea wind in one's face. With them this arrangement was a matter of choice, not necessity, for they earned between them about £7 a week, more than £350 a year, and even from a slum landlord they could not doubt have afforded to rent another room or two. Having screwed down the item of rent to an irreducible minimum, they determined to have a thoroughly good time, and this is how the witness describes their proceedings: "In the evening they would all go out to the music halls and to the theaters. On Saturday afternoon they would take five tickets each for some omnibus or conveyance that was going into the country, and on Sunday they would go to Brighton and to other places. It is comforting to reflect that these Arcadian beings were a united family and always took their pleasures together as well as their naps. It is not stated whether they took in lodgers.—From "The Housing of the English Poor," by the Right Hon. Lord Monckswell, in North American Review.

A Very United Family.

The value attached by the poor, and even by those who are not in the depths of poverty, to decent surroundings in family life is a very variable quantity. It is not a matter of means, but of means universally regarded as one of the prime necessities of life. Occasionally it is relegated to quite a back seat.

An instance was given before the commission of a family of seven persons—father, mother two grown-up sons and three grown-up daughters—all living in one room. With them this arrangement was a matter of choice, not necessity, for they earned between them about £7 a week, more than £350 a year, and even from a slum landlord they could not doubt have afforded to rent another room or two. Having screwed down the item of rent to an irreducible minimum, they determined to have a thoroughly good time, and this is how the witness describes their proceedings: "In the evening they would all go out to the music halls and to the theaters. On Saturday afternoon they would take five tickets each for some omnibus or conveyance that was going into the country, and on Sunday they would go to Brighton and to other places. It is comforting to reflect that these Arcadian beings were a united family and always took their pleasures together as well as their naps. It is not stated whether they took in lodgers.—From "The Housing of the English Poor," by the Right Hon. Lord Monckswell, in North American Review.

Remedy For Excess In Eating.

A hint to those who may thoughtlessly at some time or other indulge in excess in eating. If this inclination is committed, especially in high seasoned things with rich sauces, a draught of cold water, adulterated with lemon juice, will take off the sense of weight at the stomach and assist the digestive process by moderating the alimentary fermentation.—New York Ledger.

His Little Mistake.

"John," she said, and she looked at him rather sharply as she said it, "I have an idea that you didn't behave yourself very well while you were away."

"How absurd!" he protested. "What in the world has given you that idea?"

"Well," she returned in a quizzical kind of a way, "I noticed in the telegram you sent me you had paid the regular tariff charges on the words 'excuse writing.'"

In the jungles of Sumatra the largest spiders are found. Some of the large specimens measure 8 inches across the back and have 17 inches of leg.

## Young Folks' Column.

## FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS.

Said the first little chicken  
With a queer little squirm,  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken  
With an odd little shrug,  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
Some nice yellow meal!"

Said the third little chicken  
With a sharp little squeal,  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
A green little leaf!"

Said the fourth little chicken  
With a small sigh of grief,  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
A green little leaf!"

Said the fifth little chicken  
With a faint little moan,  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
A green little leaf!"

"Now, see here," said the mother,  
From the green garden patch,  
"If you want any breakfast  
You just come and scratch!"

A SHARK IN HARNES.

How the Florida Reef Boys Play with the Sea Monsters.

On the shallow lagoons of the outer Florida reef the bottom in ten feet of water is often pure white, so that dark objects resting upon it stand out with startling distinctness. One of the frequenters of the reef is a shark, known as the nurse, a huge fellow, 9 or 10 feet in length, who seeks the seclusion of the shallows and apparently goes to sleep. At least, pretends to, as he is seen lying perfectly quiet for hours, often permitting a boat to sail over him.

Naturally so sluggish a fish was easily captured, and one day, after watching the sharks swimming around the lagoon and refusing to leave the white shallow bottom, it occurred to a party of boys that the nurse shark would make an admirable steed, and immediate plans were formulated to capture one.

The sharks were most plentiful near a long, narrow island, and here the boys made their headquarters. Their mode of transportation was extremely primitive. The boat in which they crossed from the main island where they lived was the wooden casing of an arch-shaped affair, blunt at both ends. This had been caulked and provided with rowlocks, and in it the boys made frequent excursions. The plan was to sail the boat quietly over the sharks, then lower a sloop down, and take one by the head.

The rope and a pair of grines were thrown into the boat, and all being ready, the boys started on their expedition. They soon sighted a black spot, which told of the presence of the school of sharks, and a few moments later were quietly drifting over them. Not a word was spoken, and the greatest caution was observed, as one of the boys held the boat in place, while another lowered the nose. Unfortunately, an oar was dropped overboard, and with a whirl of their tails, the big fishes were off in every direction.

In the excitement of the moment a third boy seized the spear, and hurled it at a shark that was passing beneath the boat. The weapon took effect, and the next moment the line, which was fastened to the pole, stiffened out with a jerk, whirling the boat round and round, and throwing the boys down violently into the bottom. When they picked themselves up they found the flat-bottomed boat dashing along at a rapid rate. They had secured a steed, though not in the manner anticipated.

Up the reef the nurse swam, now pulling the boat down dangerously near the water and sending out a big wave on either side, then turning with a rush to avoid a coral bank, that grew on the edge of the channel, and racing back to the starting point.

All this was very exciting. One boy held the line by bracing back; another took an oar and attempted to steer the craft in its wild race, while the other boy was merely an enthusiastic passenger. Suddenly the shark turned again, and the boy boy, rising to see what new direction it was taking, lost his balance and was jerked overboard. Before his companions realized fully the situation, he was being towed along on the surface by the demoralized shark. The reef boys were as much at home in the water as on land, so the unforeseen accident simply added to the sport. The remaining boys rowed the boat across the lagoon, cutting off the shark, soon picking up their companion, who had pluckily held the line during the exciting tow. The shark soon became weary of dragging the boat, and was then run ashore by his captors.

Caught in His Own Trap.

A story—quite as good for being true—is told of two medical students, the one a very large and the other a very small person, who were room-mates and bed-fellows. On a certain warm night the big man, who was on the inner side, awoke to the consciousness that he was being crowded to the wall, his companion having taken a good-sized reservation in the middle of the bed. By way of punishing the encroachment with neatness and dispatch, he gently adjusted his soles and ousted the little fellow so effectually as to land him on the carpet. The ejected one showed no sign of resentment until several nights later, when, finding his comrade occupying a position similar to the one in which he had given offense, he plotted a revenge. Stealthily clambering over the huge form, he braced his back against the wall, and planting a foot on either side of his friend's spine, collected all his forces and gave a tremendous push. The effect was instantaneous, and, if not just what had been anticipated, was certainly in accordance with nature's laws. The big man moved, but the bed moved with him, opening a wide space between itself and the wall, through which the little man immediately dropped to the floor, where he doubtless had a chance to recover from his astonishment and reflect on the reason why another good plan had gone wrong.

Annoyed by the brevity of her nap, Grace's mother asked, somewhat impatiently, why she awoke so soon. Looking up in childish wonderment, she said: "Why, I slept all there was!"

## When Our Navy.

Many years ago, when our navy had a station on the African Coast, the natives were in the habit of bringing off parrots for sale. They were very pretty birds, of a soft gray color, enlivened by touches of red, and their price was a bit of tobacco, a piece of soap, or half a dozen brass rings—any trifle in fact. The sailors bought a lot of them and taught them nautical terms.

On morning inspections, while the men were at the guns, the parrots in their cages were on the gundeck. The captain had a habit of clearing his throat before he gave an order, "Ahem! Starboard, fire!—Port, fire."

Before he could fairly deliver it, the parrots would call out:  
"Ahem! Starboard, fire—Port, fire."  
And so it went on with other orders; the birds took them up instantly, to the great amusement of the captain, officers and men.

I was one day performing some duty on deck when one of the parrots lighted on my hand. Intent on my affairs I threw it off more roughly than I was aware, and it fell rather heavily on the deck. The officer picked it up and caressed it, saying, "The Master doesn't like parrots, does he?" After that the bird always called me "Master" whenever he saw me.

We brought the ship into Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on our return home. Not long after I was walking down Tremont street, Boston, at an hour when it was filled with people, and heard a cry, "Master! Master!" and turning in the direction of the voice, I found myself opposite a birdshop, in the doorway of which hung an African parrot. I went over and asked the proprietor where he found it. He told me he had bought it of a sailor just returned from the coast of Africa. By this I recognized my old acquaintance and stopped some time, going over the "talkative" it had been familiar with on board ship, and apparently making it very happy.

The bird had known me from the thousands passing the door.

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

"A lesson in geography.  
With all the states to bound!"  
My boys grew sober in a trice,  
And shook their heads and frowned,—  
That never knew what it was.  
Where only smiles are found.

Then suddenly up jumped Boy Blue,—  
Youngest of all is he,—  
And stood erect beside my chair.  
"Mamma," he said, "brought me!"  
And all the other boys looked up  
With faces full of glee.

I gravely touched his curly head:  
"North by a little pate  
That's mixed in mental 'rithmetic  
And can't get fractions straight.  
That never knows what it is,  
Nor where are books or stores."

"South by two feet—two restless feet—  
That never time of play,  
Yet always gladly run abroad  
(Although a holiday)  
In most obliging way."

"East by a pocket stuffed and crammed  
With toys and bits of wood,  
And pennies, knives, and strings,  
And all the little bits that lack  
The glow that water brings."

"West by the same; and well explored  
The pocket by the fist;  
The capital, two rosy lips  
All ready to be kissed.  
And all the other bits that lack  
Your class may be dismissed."

Dear Boys and Girls: As my other letter escaped the waste basket, I thought I would write again. We are having vacation now; I expect to have a grand time. I like her very much. We have plenty of scholars. I study fourth reader, American Neighbors, Child's Book of Nature, arithmetic, spelling, geography, history and grammar. I go to the Methodist church. Our pastor's name is Mr. Phillips. Our other minister, Mr. Leech, went to Livermore. We had a Sabbath school concert Sunday evening, July 11. It was a grand success. For a pet I have a cat named Tribby. We live on a farm, but my papa is a bricklayer, and he is working on the Nash school house. I will close by sending a conundrum: What is smaller than a mite's mouth?

LENA IDA HANSON.  
North Augusta.

Dear Boys and Girls: This is the first time I have written for the Farmer. I go to school and study second reader, Golden Rod book, Twilight Stories, arithmetic and geography. I like to go to Sunday school. I get a card and learn my verse off from it. I am a little boy, eight years old. I like to go fishing. My sister and I went a fishing one day and caught eight fish. I keep the wood box full of wood for mamma. I have a pet dove, just learning to eat from my hand. I will close by sending a conundrum: What is blacker than a crow.

HENRY ALFRED HANSON.  
North Augusta.

A little girl in town said the other day: "Oh! grandmother, don't make me two dresses just alike, I'm afraid people will think I'm twins." This same little girl, being kept at home from school, was taught her lessons each day, so as to keep up with her class. When she had begun school again her mother asked: "Well, Annie, were you behind?" "Behind, indeed," she said, indignantly, "I was behind."

Parent—Who is the laziest boy in your class, Johnny?  
Johnny—I dunno.  
Parent—I should think you would know. When all the others are industriously writing or studying their lessons, who is he that sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?  
Johnny—The teacher.

Young Fred Parker, on coming home from school one night had some complaint to make of the doings of his teacher. His mother heard him through, then said, "Well, Fred, are you all ready to leave school?" "I guess not," was the reply, "with you at one end and the teacher at the other."

Annoyed by the brevity of her nap, Grace's mother asked, somewhat impatiently, why she awoke so soon. Looking up in childish wonderment, she said: "Why, I slept all there was!"

## BETTER THAN KLONDIKE!

### A PRODUCING PROPERTY!

## GREEN GOLD MINE.

Capital Stock, \$500,000. Par Value of Shares, \$1 Each.

A. P. MINEAR, TREASURER, NO. 2 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

E. R. GRANT, Transfer Agent, 57 Broadway, New York.

The Green Gold Mine is opened, developed and equipped with a ten-stamp mill, capable of crushing 30 tons of ore per day; good hoisting works, machinery, dwellings, shops, etc., and is now at work. It has produced \$70,000 in gold. The ore averages \$40 per ton. The mine is situated in Tuolumne County, California, in a district which has produced \$215,000,000 in gold, and is producing millions of dollars annually. It is near and similar in character to the Confidence Mine, which has produced \$1,250,000 gold, and the Salsburyville, which has yielded \$5,500,000.

A portion of the capital stock of the Green Gold Mine is offered for sale for the purpose of further development and increasing the product of the mine. It is believed to be as safe and profitable a proposition as was ever offered to investors. The mine is located in the finest climate in the world, where work can be done every day in the year, and in one of the richest gold-mining districts, as hundreds of working mines now in operation in California testify. It is not a prospect, but a developed, proved mine, with great promise of profit. Prospects, maps and full information on application in person or by mail.

## ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

When sand gets in a machine it usually stops it from running. It is not so, however, with the political machine.

Boils, pimples and eruptions, scrofula, salt rheum and all other manifestations of impure blood are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

An exchange says it is just as important for a girl to make good bread as to paint a picture. In other words, as important to tickle the palate as to tickle the palette.

"My husband had a cold on his lungs, and after using Adamson's Balsam he was relieved and finally cured. No one should be without it, for its curative properties are certainly wonderful."

Mrs. H. C. SOMERS, Hotel Ellingham, 1,435 Broadway, New York.

Longe—"Don't you get tired of being on the road?"  
Strappe—"I did last year, but this year I have had more time to enjoy myself."

Longe—"How's that?"  
Strappe—"I'm on a salary now."

If the baby is cutting teeth,  
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

"Have you any good substitutes for coffee?"  
My doctor says I must quit using the genuine."

"O, yes, we have several excellent and wholesome substitutes for the genuine article."

"Well, give me a pound of what you consider your very best."  
In a whisper "Jamaica, bring me a pound of that 'pure ground Java.'"

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

A school journal advises: "Make the school interesting." That is what the smart boy tries to do to the best of his ability.

A Town Where Nothing Ever Happens.  
(Boston Transcript.)

In Windsor county, Vt., is about as queer a town as there is in the United States. Its name is Baltimore, and it possesses little of interest save a history in which none of its inhabitants express the slightest pride. Baltimore is fairly old, as American towns go, having been set off from Cavendish and organized in 1793. It then had 275 presumably ambitious and hopeful inhabitants, but every census taken since then has revealed a steady growth—downward. In 1800 the place had lost one citizen, and the subsequent records stand as follows: In 1810, 207 inhabitants; 1820, 204; 1830, 179; 1840, 158; 1850, 124; 1860, 116; 1870, 83; 1881, 71, and 1890, 64. Today the number is 59, and one of the 59 spends his winters in the soldiers' home at Brattleboro. Nothing ever happened in the town not even a crime, and it has no distinguished sons or daughters. The houses are scattered over the territory included within Brattleboro's limits, nowhere forming a thing like a village, and there is no store, no church, no post-office, not even a cider mill. The people are prosperous enough as Vermont farmers desire prosperity, but they keep moving away whenever opportunity offers, and nobody ever moves in. It is twenty years since a wedding took place there.

Not That Kind of a Puss.

The Ellsworth American says: W. A. Alexander has been accusing the neighbors' cats of stealing his chickens. He did not like to lose his chickens, neither did he want to catch some neighbor's pet puss, so he stopped up all holes to his hen-pen, and trusted that the chickens would soon be large enough to take care of themselves. But when fifteen chickens disappeared in one night, forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and vowing vengeance on all cats in general, and the cats in his immediate neighborhood in particular, he set a trap and waited. He did not have long to wait. A day or two later he found the trap in the trap, and, though it wasn't a cat, like the darky when he caught the four-legged thief that had been stealing his onions, "he knew him by his breath." Since then Mr. Alexander has caught another thief of the same kind, and the air in that vicinity has been heavy with breath.

Not in the Ark.

Mr. Reynolds is a bright and well-preserved old gentleman, but to his little granddaughter Mabel he seems very old, indeed. She had been sitting on his knee, and looking at him seriously for a long time one day, when she asked, suddenly:

"Grandpa, were you in the ark?"  
"Why, no, dear," gasped the astonished grandparent.

Mabel's eyes grew large and round with astonishment.  
"Then, grandpa," she asked, "why weren't you drowned?"

"Pat—I'll have a pound of tay, if yer please."  
Grocer—Black or green?  
Pat—Sure it makes no difference; the master's a blind man.

Irksome Ike—Say, Sammie, how'd yer like to be an angel?  
Sammie—Fewelose—Not er bit. Think of the wags it'd take to keep yer wings flapping.

## He Wears Furs to Keep Cool.

While the sun was melting the asphalt pavement on Kansas avenue, Topeka, Kan., and the thermometer registered 101 degrees in the shade on the west side of the street, a small man wearing a big chinchilla overcoat and the heaviest kind of winter gloves was parading the streets.

He was "Sam" Ridges, the man who makes the Topeka directory, and one of the most interesting men of the town. His overcoat, reaching below his knees, was buttoned tight and his gloves were lined with thick fur. He wore a black Fedora hat of winter weight, and his appearance as he trudged along Kansas avenue made men who sat around in their shirt sleeves stop fanning and mopping perspiration and gaze at him. They tormented him with questions, but to a reporter Ridges explained what he did not take trouble to tell the crowd.

He has a theory that the blood can only get to a temperature of 98. When the skin reaches a higher temperature the heat becomes painful. He put on his overcoat to protect himself from the heat. Incidentally, he thought it was a good time to experiment with his pet theory.

Dr. Robb was the first man he saw who agreed with him. The doctor, after making inquiry as to the purpose of his warm dress, said to him:

"Mr. Ridges, undoubtedly you are cool. That theory is all right."

"Of course it is right. Four doctors have told me that. When the temperature is above blood heat the blood can't get any hotter. Then when the heat strikes the skin it makes a person more uncomfortable. I am cooler now than I have been for three weeks."

"What effect would a bottle of beer have on you now?" asked a bystander.

"Well, I expect that would be pretty nice. You can't get the blood higher than 98 degrees, and when you keep the heat from striking you you are bound to be comfortable."

Mr. Ridges went into the First National Bank to transact some business. He carefully took off his gloves, tucked them into his pocket, unbuttoned his coat only long enough to procure some papers, and then went out again with coat buttoned up tight and gloves on.

## No Demand for Hair Oil.

"It is a rare thing nowadays for a customer to ask for hair oil," remarked a barber to a Washington Star reporter, "though 20 or 30 years ago it was equally rare if a customer did not. There were hundreds of oil preparations or hair tonics, as they were called, in old-fashioned days, though I think bear's grease or bear's oil was most in demand. Pomatums were also much used and sold, for in those days barbers sold all the hair preparations. As time passed along



## Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by

The Maine Farmer Publishing Co.,

AUGUSTA, MAINE.

JOSEPH H. MANLEY, President and Director.

OSCAR HOLWAY, Director.

JAMES S. SANBORN, Director.

GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Director and Manager.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1897.

TERMS:

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE, OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID

WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF

SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-

tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-

quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

MR. C. S. AYER, our Agent, is now calling

upon our subscribers in Cumberland county.

MR. J. W. KATZ, our Agent, is now call-

ing upon our subscribers in Waldo county.

Deposits in the banks of the State of

Kansas, according to the official report of

the State Bank Commissioner, have in-

creased since January 1 by \$15,000,000.

Seth Low is not yet ready to say that

he will allow his name to be used as

candidate for Mayor of Greater New

York.

In the Court at Bath, on Tuesday, a

divorce was granted to Mrs. Clara Pat-

ten, wife of John O. Patten, of the Bath

Times.

Statisticians estimate that the rising

prices of agricultural products will give

the American farmers \$600,000,000, more

for their crops than they would have got

at the values which prevailed a year ago.

Penobscot is to follow the example

set by Knox and other counties and will

operate a stone yard in Bangor for the

special benefit of the tramping fraternity.

The Great West is the first to see the

growing prosperity, and "western mort-

gages" are recovering value. Some of

our New England institutions will be

happy by and by—if they have held on.

Mr. William H. Moody of Liberty, one

of the delegates to the Farmers' Con-

gress, to be held at St. Louis, Mo., will

start for the meeting next Saturday. He

will make an able representative of the

State.

Messrs. Manley, Sanborn and Holway

of the Farmer, will be in attendance at

the State Fair in Lewiston, and will be

found at the Maine Farmer cottage,

where they will be happy to wait on

patrons.

Why shouldn't the law against the

admission of criminal immigrants to this

country be kept to keep out those well

known anarchists who are sure to be

expelled from Europe by its new awak-

ened and enraged powers?

The Tennessee Centennial at this date

promises to beat all records in exposition

finances. If the attendance keeps up

the exposition company will be able to

pay dollar for dollar of the money sub-

scribed and return a small dividend.

This is something truly remarkable.

All honor to Somerset county farmers

who furnish three-fourths of the cattle

and sheep exhibits at the Maine State

fairs. To-day no more hopeful class of

men can be found, for with beef rising

and wool going higher they have more

certainty of better days before them.

A freight car famine is now threat-

ened in those regions of the West where

a money famine was prevalent last year.

Farmers of the West, whose abundant

crops at profitable prices have been the

theme of newspapers of late, are abso-

lutely unable to obtain freight cars with

which to transport their grain.

Pension money gets into circulation

quicker than any other money paid out

by the United States government. As a

rule only the deserving receive pensions,

and the old soldiers are too poor to lay

aside much of it. It goes for bread and

other necessities of life. The pensions

of the old soldiers should be held as

sacred as a soldier's grave.

J. C. Houghton &amp; Co., importers,

Liverpool, write that the latest col-

lected reports from most numerous

points covering the major portion of

apple growing districts, lead them to ex-

pect a decidedly small total yield, in

short quite below average. This naturally

allows them to count upon more scope

for American and Canadian fruit.

Just for the sake of gratifying a par-

donable curiosity, it would be interest-

ing to ascertain just how much of the

big profits of an enormous wheat crop is

destined to go into the pockets of the

farmers who raised it, and how much

into the pockets of the great speculators

in that staple. No doubt there will

have to be a division.

The Masons of Islesboro turned out

and moved about 10 acres of hay and

got it into the barn gratis for Captain

Babbidge, who is sick in the hospital in

Boston. That's just like the members

of the fraternity. They do not shout

about their virtues, but quietly and with-

out ostentation go about these works of

benevolence.

When we looked upon the mighty war

ships assembled in Portland harbor, we

were reminded that, though frowning in

their aspect, these are the things that

make for peace. These ships with their

mighty armament and appliances of

death, are the missionaries of peace,

teaching the nations of the earth that

all great questions shall be settled by

arbitration, and not by law.

Father Cleary of Minneapolis, president

of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union

of America, in convention at Scranton, Pa.,

made a ringing speech Thursday, against

Sabbath desecration. One of the first

laws and precepts of the Catholic church

since the days of Paganism, he said, was

the honor of God's day, but he regretted

to know that Catholic saloon keepers

and their patrons were careless of one of

the church's most widely misunderstood

laws.

## THE MAINE STATE FAIR.

The positive announcement made by President Jerrard and Secretary Twitchell at the close of the present term of office, together with the fact that a full board of trustees is to be elected September 2, lends added interest to State Fair matters, and tongues are wagging all over the State. It only demonstrates the hold the old State Society has upon the people of Maine, largely because the one thought in the minds of all officers has been, and is, to perfect a yearly exhibition of Maine's varied industries and provide a fitting entertainment for Maine people. The danger of growing conservative is as great as the tendency to the opposite extreme, and while the change is made that this is one trouble with the State Fair, the fact remains that in quantity and quality of stock and exhibits it has, and does, outrank any State Fair held at the same period from seedling and blossoming time.

The Boston Herald of Sunday contains the following from its Bangor representative: "Out of this jumble of State Fairs, this elbowing of the two big State shows to stand on the narrow pedestal of the same dates, it is whispered there may grow an arrangement whereby any such conflict may be impossible in the future. In fact, it is said that there will be a well-directed effort to so adjust matters that there shall hereafter be only one Maine State Fair, and that it shall be held alternately at Lewiston and Bangor. "There are excellent plants at both places, and with this pooling of interest and alteration, it would come about that the Maine State Fair Association, as a society, would soon find itself in a very prosperous condition. The division of interests has made both ventures uncertain speculations, and the receipts have been so modest, comparatively, that the managers of neither have been able to secure such attractions as they have desired."

"Rigby Park managers, inspired by the success that has attended the last two seasons, are, without any bashfulness whatever, asking that the State Fair be removed to Portland for good and all, as there it naturally belongs. "There's no doubt that the Portland and Bangor fair, which is now, but the distance would be so great for the eastern Maine people to travel that they would be very dissatisfied at any change of the sort."

The Lewiston correspondent also says: "Some of the Lewiston people seem to think that now Maine is in a position to support three fairs, which is not the case. It has been proven that a big fair in the western part of the State and another in the eastern part of the State, if the dates do not conflict, can be made successful. But if a fair is held annually in Portland and another in Lewiston, one or the other must suffer."

"Take these with the semi-official announcement that the New England will remain permanently at Portland, and the situation assumes proportions meriting thoughtful consideration. Every life member who can should be present at the coming annual meeting, called at the municipal court room in City hall, Lewiston, September 2, to act for the best good of the agricultural and industrial interests of Maine, so far as these are, or can be, connected with the State Agricultural Society. The conditions to be met this year must be provided against in the future. There can be no further conflict of dates without positive injury to all societies, and the interests behind are greater than represented by any organizations."

No society stands in the same relation to so many individuals, and because of this no comparison can justly be made between receipts and net balances. Societies run by a few individuals are free from the burden of a membership list of twelve hundred, each ticket carrying a family of four. The one members who make the conditions and plan the reception of the fair, and the one who decide the policy, and the annual meeting is the time to act. Who shall guide, what shall be the policy, and when and where shall the State Fair be held, are problems of no small significance to the members of the Maine State Agricultural Society."

## The Eastern Maine Fair.

Our readers should not forget that the managers of the Eastern State Fair open their gates at Maplewood Park, Bangor, on Monday next. They have taken particular pains this year to provide a show that will appeal to the tastes of all classes, not only in those features that make a fair a solid cultural exhibit, but in those that will entertain and amuse, giving those who attend something to enjoy. The managers promise the best fair yet held under the auspices of the Society, and their programme would seem to so indicate. Should there be pleasant weather there will be a rush to Bangor next week.

**Big Race at Lewiston.** A great attraction will be the matched race between Bismark, 2:14 1/2, and Gipsy M., 2:13 1/2. To be sure the former is a trotter and the latter a pacer, but quite evenly balanced; the contest will be sharp. Mr. Atwood has faith in the mare, and is not afraid to prove it by words, while the owner of Bismark is "willin'." It will be a great race.

Cable advices of this date to George A. Cochrane, Boston, from the principal markets of Great Britain, give butter markets as decidedly improved so far as finest descriptions are concerned. Arrivals from Ireland and the Continent consist almost wholly of the hot weather make or goods heated during transit. This has caused a temporary scarcity of finest descriptions, and prices have advanced considerably. This state of things has caused a better demand for American and Canadian, which has arrived in excellent condition. Some very fine American creamery butter has sold at 18 1/2 to 19 cents, and some very choice boxes at 19 cents. The market is likely to go higher on finest, unless receipts increase, but just under finest and under grades are even more difficult to sell than ever, as receipts consist almost wholly of this class, and cold storage accumulations (which are very large) are also of this description. There is a somewhat better demand for low grades and good sound ladies that could be sold at 11 to 12 cents are in rather active request.

**Cheese Markets.**—Prices are somewhat higher on strictly fine cool cheese just landed. The hot weather goods, do not move at all freely. Somewhat more business doing on Cif. terms in American and Canadian. Finest American and Canadian selling at 9 to 9 1/2 cents.

## Wheat and Prosperity.

One dollar wheat! Think of it! At 1.40 o'clock P. M., Friday, September wheat in the local market of New York city reached the long-talked-of goal of one dollar per bushel. Naturally enough the incident created a tremendous sensation on the floor of the exchange and was greeted with prolonged cheers from half a thousand throats, being re-echoed from the crowded galleries. Several times during the early afternoon had the bulls snapped the price within five-eighths of a cent of the desired mark, but a return wave of selling orders each time swept it back again. The final and successful effort was made under the impulse of export rumors reaching enormous figures. September was hanging around 99 1/2 cents when the export news was first whispered about and at once danced up, in response to excited buying. Higher and higher it whirled, watched by everybody on the floor until the big black figure on the record dial plumped fairly on the even figure, and "dollar" wheat in New York was an accomplished fact. Now that the bulls have attained their boast they are as far as ever from being satisfied, and claim that the wave of bull sentiment which has spread like fire all over the country will carry the price here at least to \$1.25 per bushel and perhaps even higher. That dollar wheat is already a thing of the past was demonstrated on the late curb when further clamorous demands from high-strung local shorts raised the price to \$1.00 1/4, or a cent a bushel above from the official close. About 30,000 bushels of wheat changed hands at \$1 Friday afternoon. From the very outset local dealings were marked by great excitement. Everybody felt that dollar wheat was in the air, and while there were occasional let ups when traders unloaded jobs of wheat, on which there was a good profit, they were invariably followed by a general tightening of values on fresh waves of reckless buying. The crowd being keyed up to a high pitch of excitement eagerly swallowed the wildest sort of bull news, such as would be ordinarily rejected. The English market was up in the air, keeping free pace with our own advance. Their closing prices were top for the day and 3 1/2 to 4 1/2 cents higher than the previous night.

From markets, on the other hand, held back and showed practically no response to the extraordinary strength in other markets. At Minneapolis dollar wheat set the Chamber of Commerce crazy with excitement. Since then there has been a decline of eight cents caused by a general unloading. If there was any suspicion that because of the lapse of years the new generation of farmers was forgetting the deeds of those who fought for the Republic's preservation in the sixties, it must have been dissipated on Friday, at least in the hearts and minds of those who witnessed the celebration of the twenty-eighth reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, at Troy, N. Y. From one end to the other the city was gay with bunting, with flags, and with all the emblems indicative of the great victorious struggle in which the men who marched on Friday as guests, were active participants. Public buildings, corporate stores and private dwellings had welcome in a mass of loyal coloring. From the earliest hours of the morning there was the martial tap of the drum and the blarney welcome of the trumpet, as the hosts of the National Guardsmen and the smaller assemblage of scarred and aged veterans came in on the various trains as the city's guests.

Troy had made ample preparations for them. Every public hall, and in some cases private buildings, had been turned into temporary for the accommodation of the visiting hosts, and by noon time fully 3,000 participants in the celebration had joined with hundreds of thousands of spectators from the surrounding cities in filling the streets with enthusiastic celebrants.

The arrival in the city during the early hours of the morning of President McKinley was the first feature of the day that attracted attention. Following closely upon the arrival of President McKinley the various army corps composing the Army of the Potomac met independently at headquarters heretofore established for them, and held their business meeting. The parade in honor of the President and the Army of the Potomac was one of the largest ever seen in Troy; nearly 1,000 gunmen were in line, and about 1,000 survivors of the late war. The three National Guard companies of Troy acted as an escort to the Presidential party and Gov. Frank S. Black and staff. All along the line of march the parading column was greeted by the thousands that lined the pavements and filled every point of vantage. The Army of the Potomac is the most important body of veterans of the war of the Rebellion, now in existence.

The only active part that the President took in the proceedings of the reunion, was in a visit to the Ninth Corps, of which he is a member. The corps gave him an ovation and finally elected him honorary president. The President in a few words accepted the honor. In the evening the President attended the public meeting of the Army of the Potomac in Music Hall and received a great ovation. Gov. Black made the opening address. Mayor Mallory then made a few appropriate remarks. There was a brief response by the President of the society, and then Major C. A. Woodruff, the orator of the day, delivered an oration. Following this came the delivery of the army poem by Capt. R. W. Raymond, U. S. V., and at 11:30 o'clock the President and his party took the train for Bluff Point.

At the annual election of officers of the Army of the Potomac, Adjutant Gen. G. Ruggles, U. S. A., was elected president. It seems that the plans and the preliminary survey for the new railroad from Rumford Falls to Bryant's Pond on the Grand Trunk Railway, were made by H. F. Hill, of the firm of Hill & Penn.

## WHAT YOU WILL SEE AT MAINE STATE FAIR NEXT WEEK.

That our thousands of readers may have some idea of the magnitude and quality of the exhibits at the Maine State Fair at Lewiston, the following list of entries is taken from the books of the Secretary:

S. M. King, Kingleside Farm, So. Paris, enters 5 A. J. C. C. bulls and 11 cows and heifers.

Albion N. Clark, Solon, 4 pairs of fat cattle and steers.

Albra Adams, N. Madison, swine, 9 head of improved White Chesters and Cheshires.

James Good, Lewiston, large lot of pigeons.

Chas. P. Woodbury, Lincoln Ctr., Shorthorns and grades.

Bert Hilton, Anson, 21 Shropshires and lot of fat sheep.

W. C. Whitman, So. Turner, 15 head Jerseys.

W. Leroy Miles, Lisbon, 2 ponies.

N. Loring, Auburn, White Wyandotte fowl and chicks.

R. & C. D. Waugh, Starks, 15 head Shorthorn fat heifers and 10 pens Shropshires and fat sheep.

John W. Hilton, Anson, 13 pens of his celebrated Oxford Dons, and 3 pens of fat sheep.

Henry Perkins, Lewiston, Langshan and Wyandotte fowl and chicks.

Hiram S. Grant, Solon, oxen and Holsteins.

J. V. Fletcher, Anson, 8 head Shorthorns, some grades and fat stock, also lots of Rock fowl and chicks.

Ernest Hilton, Anson, fat stock Herefords, grades, working and fat oxen.

A. L. Merrill, Auburn, White Wonder fowl and chicks.

E. E. Gifford, Fairfield, Cotswold and South Down sheep and fat sheep.

Frank Moore, Anson, Leicester sheep, and large lot of fat sheep all ages.

Charles R. Bean, East Hiram, pulling oxen and steers.

Alonso Hilby, Westbrook, heads of Jersey, 29 in all.

Walter G. Wilton, South Down sheep, ewes and wethers.

I. G. Reynolds, So. Brooks, Hampshire Down sheep.

Willie E. Eaton, So. Solon, herd of Herefords, 10 head and State Fair, fat sheep.

M. & D. Gray, Anson, Lincoln, sheep and fat sheep.

Charles I. Perley, Cross Hill, 18 head A. J. C. C. Jerseys.

H. H. B. Whitman, So. Turner, Horned Dorset sheep.

T. I. Carville, Lewiston, 10 head Holsteins.

Asa W. Fisher, Sabatis, Herefords and oxen.

Levi M. Mosher, Farmington, town team and 6 pairs oxen and steers.

Carlton C. Manter, New Sharon, steers.

J. R. Mathews, North Madison, 6 Herefords.

Charlton H. Furbush, Farmington, oxen.

T. G. Harriett, Orono, 13 head Red Polled cattle.

John A. Peters, Jr., Ellsworth, 11 A. J. C. C. Jerseys and grade.

U. G. Randall, Lewiston, fowl.

H. H. B. Whitman, So. Turner, working oxen and steers.

George G. Gilman, Solon, 9 head Devons.

Daniel Stewart, Richmond, Barred Plymouth Rock fowl and chicks.

G. E. Foster, North Cornville, 7 thoroughbred Guernseys.

Wilbur Hilton, Anson, working oxen.

Mrs. H. Weeks, Auburn, fowl, Houdan.

A. J. Libby & Son, Oakland, 13 full blood Herefords, 15 pairs oxen, fat cattle and ponies.

W. W. LaRue, North Deering, large exhibit oxen and steers.

Herman Corbett, Farmington, 11 head Ayshire cattle, Shropshire fowl and Hampshire Down sheep.

T. G. Hilton, Anson, Merino sheep, Hampshire Down sheep.

Chester Hambley, Temple, Shropshire and Hampshire Down sheep.

Clark P. Deering, South Buxton, large lot of Rock fowl and chicks.

Fred W. Blackford, Sabatis, steers.

H. H. Witherell, Monmouth, 6 head Guernseys.

W. L. Loring, Gardiner, 15 head horses.

C. H. Newhall, Newton Highlands, horses.

J. F. Barrett, Deering, horses.

Ralph B. Hill, Skowhegan, horses.

D. J. Holey, Gardiner, 15 horses.

C. F. Cornish, Lewiston, Hamburg and Minorca fowl.

E. L. Stevens, Auburn, Buff Wyandotte fowl and chicks.

F. D. Grover, Bangs, 3 head A. J. C. C. Jerseys, 5 M. S. Jerseys, 3 grades and improved Chester swine.

Columbus Hilton, Anson, fat cattle, steers and sheep.

T. G. Hilton, Anson, Merino sheep, Hampshire Down sheep.

E. A. Wilton, Anson, Grade Shorthorns and working steers.

Sheldon H. Bradbury, Skowhegan, horses.

Alonso Rogers, So. Windsor, horses.

J. J. Libby, Richmond







## Poetry.

## THE OLD STAGE ROAD.

It was long ago, but the young leaves glow  
In their sunlit dew by the mountain road,  
When the bee swung on from his blackberry  
bloom.  
When the Partridge rose with a hollow boom  
And the rabbit peeped with his eyes ashine,  
And the squirrel leered from the bough of  
pine.  
And the thrush broke thro' in his half-trilled  
song,  
As the grand red stage coach jolted along.  
The old route over the mountain.

It was long ago when the loud wheels passed;  
Now thrushes may tinkle their chimes to the  
last.  
Now nothing troubles the wood-hush lone.  
The squirrel nibbles the seeds of his cone.  
The night hawk ruffles his breast in the sand,  
The white birch leans with her silver wand,  
And elms fling the brambles' load,  
And the clover blooms in the golden road,  
The old route over the mountain.

And long ago at the end of its route,  
The stage pulled up and the folks stepped  
out,  
They have all passed under the tavern door,  
The youth and his bride, and the gray three-  
score.

Their eyes were weary with dust and gloom,  
The day had gone like an empty dream,  
Soft may they slumber, and trouble no more  
For their eager journey, its joy and its roar.  
On the old route over the mountain!

But an air breathes down from the midnight  
sky,  
With fitting lamps and a rushing sigh,  
And passing whippers will murmur low  
Secret and glad when they used to know.  
And often in winter the wind roars through  
With thump and whistle and fierce halloo,  
And cracks the treetsops and whirles the snow  
Like phantom horses of long ago.  
On the old route over the mountain.

## LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

On quaint old cupboards and the long-used  
things  
That in the years drift up, glad morning  
leaps,  
Plays with the kittens on the floor and flings  
Fierce beams into the nooks where night  
still creeps.

It falls where Karl and Gretchen, drawn no  
less  
By love than they were fifty years ago,  
In ruffled peace and wrinkled comeliness,  
Sit knee to knee in life's soft afterglow.

God's blessing on the old, romantic hearts!  
The Ruth's sweet story she is telling out,  
Back to the while in dreams his mind de-  
parts.

And Ruth is not the maid he dreams about,  
He sees love cradled in the soft, blue eyes  
Of a shy maiden, and his own grow dim  
As, like a humming bird, his fancy flies  
Back to the day when Gretchen came to him.

And thence, on wistful wings, his memory  
sweeps  
Over the years that seem an unmarked  
plain,  
But where his soul within each furrow sleeps,  
And every foot mark speaks of joy or pain.

That cradle there are many such; the earth  
Has many little crosses on her breast.  
The peasant stave and has his hours of  
mirth,  
On many fields are soldier sons at rest.

The Karl may sigh, his gentle sorrow dies  
Stillborn upon the threshold of his cot,  
And so, as slumber to sweet food, his eyes  
Turn to the little maid who shared his lot.

It is the voiceless love of years that speaks  
In one long look; as Gretchen feels him lay  
A hand on hers; and what his spirit seeks  
While she, the "Karl" is all she finds to say.

## Our Story Teller.

For the Maine Farmer.

## QUOMBERS.

Quombers is good things in their  
place, but their place is not on a maden  
ladies' dinner table. This I have learned  
to my sorrow. I am not much of a hand  
at relatin' incidents, but the Quomber  
question daz lay so hevvy on my mind,  
that I must tell you tew what misfor-  
tunes a batch uv um brot me.

You see things wuz like this in our  
leete town. I am a third widder,  
which means that I hev seen three le-  
mented wives put under the sod. Mister  
William Robinson hev a bachelar,  
and Mister Cyrus Pond hev never bin  
married. In a leete red house with  
blind blinds lived two maden ladies,  
there names wuz Florinda and Rachel  
Hoar. There common names wuz, how-  
ever, Rindy and Rachie. Now us three  
men folks wanted tew git married, and  
I ruther guess the Misses Hoar wuz not  
averse to the idee uv bein' led tew the  
alter themselves. There bein' only two  
ladies and three gents, uv course there  
was conflict. Cy he perferred Miss  
Rindy, while William and me perferred  
Miss Rachie. Cy and Rindy's river  
flowed peacefully but William and me  
never cud see whit Miss Rachie loved  
best, me or him. I went regular tew the  
leete red house every Sunday evenin',  
while William hev tuk Saturday as his'n.

Whut Cy and William's idee wuz in  
gettin' married I don't know, but I will  
tell yew my reasons fur wantin' tew marry  
Miss Rachie Hoar fur as I sed afore, I  
am a widder. When I wuz young, about  
twenty-five I should jedge, I married  
Mury Spear. I suppose she made me a  
purty good wife, but sumhow she wuz  
always wantin' a new dress, whyle she  
actuonly avers as me ten whole dollars  
every month fur to pay the household  
bills with; and then yew little while,  
say siks months or so, she would ax fur  
a new caliker. After a while she died.  
Well I mourned fur my poor Mary as all  
good widwers do, and never went tew  
see Debby Stover until she bid hin ded  
and gone the weeks. I courted Debby  
two months then we wed. Fur too short  
weeks she lived peacefully together when  
wun day she asked me fur sum munny  
tew by her a new delain dress. I wuz  
simply astonished, but when she per-  
sisted my anger riz, and I told her whut  
I thort uv a wuman uv her age, who  
wanted a dress better nor a caliker. She  
then carmly asked me whut I thort she  
wuz a goin' tew ware to mettin. I wuz  
farcy shakin with impressed pahun, go  
tew mettin, should I, go tew mettin. If  
you go tew mettin whos a goin' tew  
feed the pigs, and hens, and roosters,  
and whos a goin' tew milk the caow,  
and harness the hoss fur me tew go  
tew mettin into. When I sed that she  
actuonly axed at me with a butcher nife.  
Sum how or other she got the delain  
and everything else arter that. This  
lasted till my sweet, dear lamented bride  
uv thirty-eight years uv wedded bliss  
died uv hart's disease. I then married  
Lucy Ann Sparrer. She died in two  
years after our marriage, and now my

wife havin' bin ded upwads uv siks  
months I desided tew marry agin, and  
as there wuz no wun around as I liked  
as well as Miss Rachie, I commenced  
payin' my attentions tew her. Well, all  
went as smooth as ice until William put  
in his appearance. As I sed afore he  
dun his courtin' Saturday nite, and I tuk  
Sunday.

Well, time passed on and the case  
grew despit, but wun fine day the cl-  
icks came. One fine Friday eve as I  
sartened down the road, I cum acrost  
William and Miss Rachie walkin' arm in  
arm. I wuz mad, so I turned abrupt-  
ly round and went hum swearin' venge-  
ance on Mister William Robinson. As I  
went in at the front gate I cum upon a  
small vegetable garden; it wuz filled  
with the nicest Quombers yew ever seed.  
A suddint idee struck me as I turned  
to look at them. The next mornin' I riz  
early and plucked the nicest lot of  
Quombers yew ever heard tell of, and  
tyming um up in my red pocket hancker-  
cher, I tuk um up to the leete red house  
and presented um tew Miss Rachie with  
my accomlishments. She smiled on me  
very sweetly and I went hum feelin'  
that my cause wuz pure. That nite I  
put on my best green pants that my  
dear lamented Debby bot me with egg  
money, a purty blue neck gear that  
Mury Spear giv me afore I wuz married,  
and I put on my tall beaver hat, and I  
wood uv put on my Sunday boots but  
the roads wuz so dusty that I was af-  
fraid I wood git um dirty, fur blackin'  
dus coat so much that I can't afford to  
bluck um but twice a year. I could not  
carry my hanckercher for I did not bring  
it hum from Miss Rachie's that mornin',  
havin' left it with the Quombers. It  
wuz not Sunday nite but I thort I wood  
go and try my luck afore that William  
put in his appearance.

As I wuz walkin' up the path to the  
leete red house I thort I heard sum-  
body a groanin'. On enterin' I saw  
Miss Rindy a weepin' inter a hanckercher,  
and Miss Rachie wuz a groanin' in Will-  
iam's arms. As Miss Rindy seed me  
a enterin' she riz and addressed me in a  
most insidin' manner. She sed,

"You old witch, whut you doin' here  
dressed up like a scare crow, after near-  
ly murderin' my sister. You git out uv  
this house or William will put you out.  
You, a man half over seventy years  
old sendin' pizen tew too poor girls fur  
pure jeloxy."

(The too poor girls wuz in the sixties  
themselves.)  
"I never," sez I.  
"You did," sez she.  
"You did," continued I.  
"You did," screamed Miss Rindy,  
comin' at me with the broom.

I run fur hum then and never cum out  
of doors agin fur two weeks. Every  
body said that I pizened Miss Rachie,  
but I never. It is my opinion that the  
idiot do too much.

Well, in a little while arter that Will-  
iam and Miss Rachie wuz married. I  
didn't keer. And if I have made any  
mistakes in the spellin' uv this ere  
thing, it is through supreme indiffer-  
ence. But I will say one thing as I sed  
afore, Quombers is good things in these  
place but there place is not on a maden  
ladies' dinner table.

Yours Respectfully,  
UNCLE SAM HOSEA.

FROM  
THE RANKS.  
BY CAPT. CHARLES KING

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[CONTINUED.]

Another moment and the door opened,  
and with anxious face Chester strode  
into the room. "You bad as that killed  
him, Armitage? Is it as bad as that?"  
"Ask him up, and we'll get him on the  
bed," I said, and he nodded. "I didn't  
even hit him. Those things tumbled  
afterward," said Armitage as between  
them they raised the dead weight of the  
slender Adonis in their arms and bore  
him to the bedroom. Here they bathed  
the wound with cold water and re-  
moved the uniform coat, and presently  
the lieutenant began to revive and look  
about him.

"Who struck me?" he faintly asked.  
"Your shotgun fell on your head, and I  
threw you down, Jerrold. I'm sorry I  
touched you, but you're lucky it was  
no worse. This thing is going to raise  
a big bump here. Shall I send the doc-  
tor?"

"No! I'll come round presently.  
We'll see 'bout this thing afterward."  
"Is there any friend you want to see?  
Shall I send word to anybody?" asked  
Chester.

"No! I don't let anybody come. Tell  
my striker to bring my breakfast, but I  
want tonight to be to let alone."

"At least you will let me help you  
undress and get to bed?" said Chester.  
"No! I wish you'd go—both of you.  
I want quiet, peace—no there's none of  
it with either of you."

"And you left him. Later Captain  
Chester had gone to the quarters and  
after much parleying from without had  
gained admission. Jerrold's head was  
bound in a bandage wet with amonia  
and water. He had been solacing him-  
self with a pipe and whisky to-day and  
was in a not unnaturally ugly mood.

"You may consider yourself excused  
from duty until your face is well again,  
by which time this matter will be de-  
cided. I admonish you to remain here  
and not leave the post until it is."

"You can prefer charges and see what  
you'll make of it," was the vehement  
reply. "Devil a bit will I help you out  
of the thing after this night's work!"

## CHAPTER XIV.

Tuesday and the day of the long pro-  
tracted german had come, and if ever a  
lot of garrison people were wishing  
themselves well out of a flurry it was  
the social circle at Sibley. Invitations  
had been sent to all the prominent peo-  
ple in town who had shown any interest  
in the garrison since the regiment's ar-  
rival; beautiful favors had been pre-  
pared; an elaborate supper had been pre-  
pared, the ladies contributing their  
donations to the wines. It was rumored  
that new and original figures were to  
be danced, and much had been said  
about this feature in town, and much  
speculation had been indulged in, but

the Beaubien residence had been closed  
until the previous day. Nina was away  
with her mother and beyond reach of  
question, and Mr. Jerrold had not  
shown his face in town since her de-  
parture.

For was he necessary when visitors  
invaded the door? They had never  
known such mysterious army people in  
their lives. What on earth could induce  
them to be so close mouthed about a  
mere german? One might suppose they  
had something worth concealing, and  
presently it became noised abroad that  
there was genuine cause for perplexity,  
and possibly worse.

To begin with, every one at Sibley  
now knew something of the night ad-  
venture at the colonel's, and as no one  
could give the true statement of the  
case the stories in circulation were  
gorgeous embellishments of the actual  
facts. It was to be noticed, even if ad-  
visable, to attempt to reproduce these  
wild theories, but never was army gar-  
son so tumultuously stirred by the  
whirlwind of rumor. It was no longer  
dear to an instant that the absence of  
the colonel and his household was the  
direct cause of that night's discoveries,  
and when, to Mrs. Hoyt's inexpressible  
relief, there came a pretty worded note  
from Alice on Monday evening inform-  
ing her that neither the colonel nor her  
mother felt well enough to return to  
Sibley for the german, and that she her-  
self preferred not to leave her mother  
at a time when she needed her care.

Mrs. Hoyt and her intimates, with  
whom she instantly conferred, decided  
that there could be no doubt whatever  
that the colonel knew of the affair, had  
forbidden their return and was only  
waiting for further evidence to decide  
what was to be done with his erring step-  
daughter. Women talked with bad  
scruple of the latest stories in circula-  
tion, of Chester's moody silence and  
preoccupation, of Jerrold's ostracism  
and of Frank Armitage's sudden return.

On Monday morning the captain had  
quietly appeared in uniform at the of-  
fice, and it was known that he had re-  
linquished the remainder of his leave of  
absence, and that he would be at the  
company. There were men in the garri-  
son who well knew that it was because  
of the mysterious overhauling the colonel's  
household that Armitage had so sudden-  
ly returned. They asked no questions,  
and sought no explanation. All men  
marked, however, that Jerrold was not  
at the office on Monday, and many curi-  
ously looked at the missing report of the  
adjutant's office. No, he was not in  
arrest. Neither was he on sick report.  
He was marked present for duty, and  
yet he was not at the customary assem-  
bly of all the commissioned officers at  
headquarters. More mystery, and most  
concentrating too, it was known, that  
Armitage and Jerrold had held a brief  
talk in the latter's quarters soon after  
Sunday's evening parade and that the  
former had been re-enforced for a time  
by Captain Chester, with whom he was  
afterward closeted. Officers who heard  
of this had suddenly returned and was  
at Chester's report speedily to the latter's  
quarters—at least two or three did—and  
were met by a servant at the door, who  
said that the gentlemen had just gone  
out the back way. And, sure enough,  
neither Chester nor Armitage came  
home until long after taps, and then  
the colonel's cook told several people  
that the two gentlemen had spent over  
an hour up stairs in the colonel's and  
Miss Alice's room and "was foolin'  
around the house till near 10 o'clock."

Another thing that added to the flame  
of speculation and curiosity was this.  
Two of the ladies, returning from a  
moonlight stroll on the terrace just after  
tattoo, came through the narrow pas-  
sageway on the west side of the colonel's  
quarters, and there, at the foot of the  
little flight of steps leading up to the  
parade, they came suddenly upon Cap-  
tain Chester, who was evidently only  
moderately pleased to see them, and very  
anxious to expedite their weary move-  
ment. With the persistence of both  
sexes, however, they stopped to chat  
and inquire what he was doing there,  
and in the midst of it all a faint light  
gleamed on the opposite wall, and the  
reflection of the curtains in Alice Ren-  
wick's room, and the two ladies, who  
were a sturdy masculine shadow ap-  
peared, and there was a rustling above,  
and then, with exasperating, mysterious  
and epigrammatic terseness, a deep voice  
propounded the utterly senseless ques-  
tion:

"How's that?"

To which, in great embarrassment,  
Chester replied, "I'm talking with  
some interested spectators."

"Whereat the shadow of the big man  
shot out of sight, and the ladies found  
it was useless to remain—there  
would be no further developments so  
long as they did—and so they came  
away, with many a lingering backward  
look. "But the idea of asking such a  
fool question as 'How's that?' Why  
couldn't the man say what he meant?"

It was gathered, however, that Armitage  
and Chester had been making some  
experiments that bore in some measure  
resemblance to the one which Jerrold  
was in his quarters, only a stone's  
throw away. How interested he  
must have been!

But while the garrison was relieved  
at knowing that Alice Renwick would  
not be on hand for the german, and it  
was being fondly hoped she might never  
return to their midst, Mr. Jerrold's  
other grievous embarrassment. How  
about Mr. Jerrold?

He had been asked to lead when the  
german was first projected and had ac-  
cepted. That was fully two weeks be-  
fore, and now—no one knew just what  
ought to be done. It was known that  
Nina Beaubien had returned on the pre-  
vious day from a brief visit to the pre-  
ludes, and that she had a costume of  
ravishing beauty in which to carry de-  
solation to the hearts of the garrison  
belle in leading that german with Mr.  
Jerrold. Old Nina Beaubien had been  
reluctant, said her city friends, to re-  
turn to aid her on Monday evening.  
Mr. Jerrold and was bitterly set against  
Nina's growing infatuation for him. But  
Nina was headstrong and determined.  
Moreover, she was far more than a  
match for her mother's vigilance, and  
it was known that she had been three  
times the girl had been out at the  
fort with the Suttons and other friends  
when the old lady believed her in quar-  
ters totally different.

Cub Sutton had confided to Captain  
William that Mrs. Beaubien was in to-  
tal ignorance of the fact that there was  
to be a party at the doctor's the night he  
had driven out with Nina and his sis-  
ter, that Nina had "pulled the wool  
over her mother's eyes" and made her  
believe she was going to spend the even-  
ing with friends in town, naming a  
family with whom the Beaubiens were

intimate. A long drive always made  
the old lady sleepy, and as she had ac-  
companied Nina to the fort that after-  
noon she went early to bed, having se-  
cured her wild birdling, as she suppos-  
ed, from possibility of further meetings  
with Jerrold. For nearly a week, said  
Nina, even general sent and eastern  
Cub, Miss Beaubien had dogged Nina  
so that she could not get a moment  
with the man with whom she was evi-  
dently so smitten, and the girl was al-  
most at her wit's end with seeing the  
depth of his flirtation with Alice Ren-  
wick and the knowledge that at the  
narrow her mother would spirit her off  
to the cool breezes and blue waves of  
the great lake. Cub said she so worked  
on Fanny's feelings that they put up  
the scheme together and made him  
bring them out. Gads, if old Maman  
only found it out, there'd be no more  
germans for Nina! She'd ship her off  
to the good Sisters at Creve-Coeur and  
slap her into a convent and leave all  
her money to the church.

And yet, said city society, old Ma-  
man idolized her beautiful daughter  
and could deny her no luxury or indul-  
gence. She dressed her superbly, though  
with a somewhat barbaric taste, where  
Nina even general sent and eastern  
teaching did not interfere. What she  
feared was that the girl would fall in  
love with some adventurer or what  
would carry her darling away to Ari-  
zona or other inaccessible spot. Her  
plan was that Nina should marry here  
—at home—some one of the staid young  
merchant princes rising into prominence  
in the western metropolis, and from  
the very outset Nina had shown a singu-  
lar infatuation for the buttons and straps  
and music and heaven knows what all  
at the fort. She gloried in seeing  
him march in his uniform, and in  
social life. She rejoiced in her triumphs  
and took infinite pains with all prepa-  
rations.

She would have set her foot against  
Nina's simply dancing the german at  
the fort with Jerrold as a partner, but  
she could not resist it that the papers  
should announce on Sunday morning  
that a famous beauty had been married  
to a common soldier at the fort. If  
Sibley was the german given last Tues-  
day night by the ladies of the garrison  
and led by the lovely Miss Beaubien  
with Lieutenant or Captain Anybody.  
There were a dozen bright, graceful,  
winning women among the dames and  
damsels at the fort, and Alice Renwick  
was a famous beauty by the time time.

There was more than Maman Beaubien  
concerned. There was more than the  
wonderful rumors that were floating in  
Sibley. She was more than half dispo-  
sed to be in love with Jerrold herself.  
All these, and so her consent was won.  
Back they came from Chequamegon, and  
the stately home on Summit avenue re-  
opened to receive them. It was Monday  
noon when they returned, and by 3  
o'clock Fanny Sutton had told Nina  
Beaubien what she knew of the disas-  
trous rumors that were floating in  
Sibley. She was more than half dispo-  
sed to be in love with Jerrold herself.

She expected a proper amount of womanly  
horror, incredulity and indignation, but  
she was totally unprepared for the out-  
burst that followed. Nina was trans-  
formed into a tragedy queen on the in-  
stant, and poor, simple hearted, foolish  
Fanny Sutton was almost scared out of  
her small wits by the fire of denunciations  
and fury with which her story was  
greeted. She came home with white,  
frightened face and hunted up Cub and  
told him that she had been telling Nina  
some of the queer things the ladies had  
been saying about Mr. Jerrold, and  
Nina almost tore her to pieces, and  
could he go right out to the fort to see  
Mr. Jerrold? Nina wanted to send a  
note at once, and if he couldn't go she  
would send her proxy to tell him to get  
somebody to go instantly and to come  
back and let her know before 4  
o'clock.

Cub was always glad of an excuse to  
go out to the fort, but a coldness had  
sprung up between him and Jerrold.  
He had heard the ugly rumors in that  
mysterious way in which all such things  
spread, and he had not been able to  
quite quite convince of such a mon-  
strous scandal, and he did not believe  
half he heard, he sagely felt that in the  
presence of so much mischief there was  
surely some fire and avoided the man  
from whom he had been inseparable.

Not only that, but as they had at the  
end of the night, and he had not spoken to him  
on the subject, and, singularly enough,  
this was the case with all the officers at  
the post except Armitage and the com-  
mander. It was understood that the  
matter was in Chester's hands, to do  
with as was deemed best. It was believed  
that his resignation had been tendered,  
and that these 48 hours since the story  
might be said to be fairly before the  
public Jerrold had been left much to  
himself and was presumably in the  
depths of dismay.

One or two men, urged by their wives,  
who thought it was really time some-  
thing were done to let him understand  
that he had not been left in the lurch,  
had gone to see him and been refused ad-  
mission. Asked from within what they  
wanted, the reply was somewhat diffi-  
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itself into "Oh, about the german," to  
which Jerrold's voice was heard to say:  
"Not only that, but as they had at the  
end of the night, and he had not spoken to him  
on the subject, and, singularly enough,  
this was the case with all the officers at  
the post except Armitage and the com-  
mander. It was understood that the  
matter was in Chester's hands, to do  
with as was deemed best. It was believed  
that his resignation had been tendered,  
and that these 48 hours since the story  
might be said to be fairly before the  
public Jerrold had been left much to  
himself and was presumably in the  
depths of dismay.



## Horse Department.

At Fort Erie, N. Y., Saturday, Star Pointer paced a mile in 2:01 3/4, breaking his previous record of 2:02 1/4. This is the coming horse of 1897.

One of the many coming fast ones of Maine this year is Harry P., by Nelson, owned by F. R. Pollard, Waterville, as smooth a trotter as can be found.

Another good one is the little horse T. T., by Deceve, owned by Mr. Robbins of Farmington, and still another, Keno L., by Mountaineer, a fast pacer, owned by J. A. Adams, Unity.

The 4-year-old trot at the Maine State Fair will be one of the best races of the week in that great list. Every colt is geared to fly, and in prime condition. Look for some rare sport Wednesday, Sept. 1, at Lewiston.

We look to the two State Fairs, Lewiston and Bangor, for some of the best races seen this year. It is to be regretted that these two fairs come the same week, preventing horsemen and visitors from taking in both. There is no remedy this year, and therefore we urge the friends of both to rally in force for the sport to be seen.

How many men were ever known to sell a carriage horse or a saddle and buy a bicycle? With all its usefulness the wheel is but a poor substitute for a horse and there is not the least danger of the one displacing the other. No man who has ever felt the thrill of answering intelligence along the reins of his favorite driver will ever be satisfied to confine himself to a dumb thing made of steel of which he himself must furnish the motive power. We seem to forget that machinery has displaced the horse only in the most ordinary service. We seem to forget that the horse is progressing upward as to his occupation and we have been breeding him backward except as to heavy draft and the race track. This demand for better horses is not new or transient, but is natural and will endure. It is for breeders to study its nature, breed such as will satisfy the new conditions and stop the increase of miscellaneous rubbish.

## HORSE RACES.

It is useless and idle to cry down horse trotting, for during all the years it has held its place among the sports and pastimes of civilized people. Evidently that side of our nature needs cultivating as well as others. That it is possible to free the race track from harsh and cruel practices there, cannot be questioned for each year more humane methods are in operation. As men come to better appreciate the worth of their animals they treat them more kindly. Kindness is the rule to-day, not the exception. Only a few years ago, and the best drivers felt obliged to exert all their strength in steadying their horses, to-day, many are driven to their record with the reins in one hand. Not long ago, we saw a horse on one of our half-mile tracks, finish a close second in 2:25 1/4, driven entirely on a slack rein.

The drift is in this direction, and surely it is better for horse and driver than the old-time practice. Another improvement is the relief from loud shouting and heavy whipping, so often heard and seen years ago. Everywhere evidence of more humane methods may be seen and no man can tell how much this has to do with the increase in speed, or the safety of the horse. It is this yielding to public demand which has eliminated some objectionable features, and in return this is provoking greater interest in legitimate racing. Good honest sport will always attract the public.

## JUDGES AT FAIRS.

"I would not engage a man as judge who had applied to me for the job," said a prominent stock manager in this office recently. As a general rule the most desirable judges are those who are most reluctant to undertake the work. A few men have gone into the "expert business" for what they call through a determination to make a few dollars, but not only from fair associations, but "the side" from exhibitors. We are glad that the number of such men is small. Not a few, however, are in it as a business, and they advertise themselves and print testimonials from those whose stock they have judged. Some of them offer their services as judges of all sorts of stock. It is a fair statement that the superintendent of departments are generally much prejudiced against such judges. It has come to be an accepted fact that the office of judge at fairs should seek the man. Especially are fair managers shy of the "all-round" experts and the men who judge by scorecard, as though live stock could be estimated in fractions of a point. The accuracy just as one measures lumber or weighs coal.

Great advance has been made in the selection of judges the past few years, and it has come to be a matter of distinction on the part of fair managers to get after men who are reluctant to do such work, but to whom appeals of public duty are effective. The men we are always honest, disinterested and for the most part competent. The man who accepts advertisements of his ability as an "expert" creates a prejudice against himself on the part of fair managers and exhibitors alike. When the job seeks the man and the man accepts because he thinks he is able to render a public service, rather than for the sake of making a dollar, the fitness of things is best illustrated. The fall fairs are now almost upon us, and managers should approach the selection of judges with the greatest care and discrimination. Much is at stake to all parties concerned. —Breeder's Gazette.

There is much of force in the above, though the charge against the score card is out of place and ill timed. Men must have some basis for their action, some standard of measurement, and in either case it is arbitrary. In the one the standard is in the mind of the expert, and in the other he seeks to express, by fractions, the worth of parts as compared with his ideal. The measure may be as accurate in one case as the other, but the exhibitor, in the score card, has the basis of educated judgment, and in the other simply the sword, with no knowledge as to how it came.

There must be something more definite and tangible to satisfy exhibitors and increase exhibits.



## The Finest Chew

the best tobacco—its choice flavor is because there is only the best leaf in

B-L

TOBACCO

## Poultry Department.

When the eggs are wanted for packing they will keep better if the roosters are taken away from the hens.

When hens are closely confined so that they do not have a good opportunity to pick up bugs, worms and insects, some meat should be given to them regularly.

Anything like a fixed bill of fare is all useless, and a breeder should exercise judgment and common sense in feeding and caring for his fowls. Regularity as to times of feeding is very important, but the variety should be made by feeding that which is most convenient but at all times should be ample to supply their wants. Let the breeder exercise common sense and judgment in the treatment of his fowls, and if he has not sufficient to intelligently manage them with the lights before him he had better seek some other employment better suited to his capacity.

There is a farm in West Berlin, Mass., that has one of the largest peach groves in the State; it has a grove of 3500 peach trees that have five years' growth and will produce about 10,000 peaches. This grove is enclosed by a five-foot wire fence and inside of this enclosure is kept 200 fowls, which not only produce eggs and chickens, but are of great value to the young trees, as they devour all insects and keep the weeds from growing. They also are a great help as a fertilizer and the trees have done as well as the trees. One man tells me that is the best investment he knows of and is a financial success. Others tell the same story, and what is true of peaches is equally so of apples. A flock of hens in an orchard would be a paying investment if eggs were dropped out of account. Set the trees and grow the orchards, but remember that the hens are natural bug destroyers and protectors of good fruit.

## THE PERIOD OF RAPID GROWTH.

When a fowl is showing a rapid growth, is the best time to aid it. In such a time growth is easily checked, and a stunt would never do as well as it otherwise would.

A fowl that grows rapidly and matures early, really consumes a less quantity of food than one that is stunted or weakly, and if necessary will require a longer time to mature, and in the end will really require the most food to bring it into a marketable condition.

A rapid growth of pure flesh and feathers require not only plenty of feed, but it must be of the right kind and supplied frequently. The crop of a fowl holds but little, and if the feed is given only two or three times a day, the quantity it will eat, will not be sufficient to meet the demands upon it if a rapid growth is secured.

Feed should be supplied frequently if a rapid growth is secured with a growing fowl or a rapid gain in feathering, and in either case is more economical in the end. With a matured fowl there is less necessity for feathering, and the fowls will thrive better if allowed to hunt a part of their food.

## A Green Food.

Turnips make a good feed for the poultry during the winter, and can be used in place of or as a green food to a good advantage, and as they are a crop usually easily grown, in many cases, it will pay to grow a patch especially to store away to use during the winter for this purpose. When the hens are expected to lay in winter, something green will be found a help, and growing a crop of turnips is one of the easiest ways of supplying.

## \$100 Reward. \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the system a new basis of health. The constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of names.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. 75c.

Poor Lot's wife turned to salt, alas! Her fate was most pitiful. No doubt she only wished to see how hunk her skin behind.

"Are there too many doctors?" asks an exchange. No, there are not half enough; but there are too many men pretending to be doctors who are not.

Helps Them All. "I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for distress in the stomach and it has given me relief. My sister has taken it for loss of appetite and it always helps her. An aged lady who lives with me was prostrated by the grip, but she has been restored to good health by Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. J. W. SMITH, Box 295, Gardiner, Maine.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic. Easy to take, gentle, mild, cases it is simply because in not

know how to prepare it so it will bring all that can be made of it.

Successful Rhode Island growers, as a rule, feed their turkeys from start to finish on northern white flint corn, which they grow themselves. They take great pains to use nothing but well-seasoned, old corn, because they have found that new corn causes bowel trouble, which is more to be feared in a turkey than any other fowl, and is liable to be fatal. Diarrhea seems to be more prevalent among turkeys than any other disease, and a bird that gets sick is very apt to die. Foraging in a field of green oats may give them diarrhea and cause much loss.

Turkeys not only like northern flint corn best and fatten best on it, but it makes their flesh more tender, juicy and delicious. That given the little ones is coarsely ground and mixed with a good deal of milk, or made into bread that is moistened with milk. This is gradually mixed with cracked corn, which, when they are about eight weeks old, is fed clear or mixed with sour milk. In the fall whole corn is given.

Turkeys which can be given full liberty from the first on a dry pasture lot, and after a few weeks allowed to roam and roost wherever they choose, thrive the best if they escape accident or enemies. Two turkey hen mothers and their broods will then generally join forces apparently for mutual protection from hawks and other enemies. Where they cannot be given full liberty they should be given fresh grass pasture daily, and milk curd, corn gluten and wheat, as well as corn, to take the place of insects. Great pains should be taken that they are not overfed, and that they are given as much liberty to exercise as possible. The broods may be prevented from leaving a certain field by shingling the mother turkey, so she cannot slip over the wall or fence. This, however, places her at the mercy of dogs.

After June 1st those at full liberty are usually fed but twice daily.

In shipping, the weight and initials, at least, of the shipper should each be written plainly on the cover. An equal number of hens and toms are usually put in each package. Thanksgiving shipment should reach markets the previous Saturday or Monday.

Resorts like Newport use hundreds of partly-grown turkeys in July and August. From \$1.75 to \$2.25 are given for those weighing from one and one-half to four pounds each. They are sold to dealers who supply clubs, hotels and wealthy private families. These small turkeys are very lean and tender, and soon spoil or become discolored, even if placed on ice, therefore only near-by raisers can handle this trade.

If there is much risk of loss from disease before the turkeys can be matured, or if the number grown is so great as to overstock the place, it may be advisable to turn them off at this age.

Possibly there are many other sections where small turkeys can be profitably marketed in this way. If young chickens, ducks and geese can be sold at greater profit, for more money, when partly grown than if kept until much larger and fed twice or three times as long, there may be possibilities for the enterprising turkey raiser in this direction.

The Difference. Have you ever noticed the difference in the way in which two men will drive a horse? One man will get the best speed, the longest service, the greatest effort, without a particle of strain or friction, from the animal he drives. The other man will get less work and less results, and yet have the horse in a tremor of nervousness and a lather of foam. There's just such a difference between medicines for the liver. Some medicines—and the majority of them—start the liver into action, but so fret it and chafe it that all the good of the medicine is counteracted by the irritation set up from its use. Ayer's Cathartic Pills give the best results with the least friction. They lead instead of driving. They coax the liver instead of lashing and spurring it. They cure long-standing cases of dyspepsia, biliousness, and liver diseases. The Curebook, "a story of cures told by the cured," will tell you more about Ayer's Pills. Sent free by J. C. Ayer Company, Lowell, Mass.

## A Yankee's Patent for Fattening Pigs.

(Philadelphia Times.) The most ingenious scheme ever devised by the Yankee mind was that of a man who wished to claim as exclusively his a plan for fattening hogs by a wonderful method. The plan was this: Three pigs were built, one having several lean scrub swine, known as "razorbacks," the central one being emphysematous, and the third containing the blooded animal which it was desired to fatten. The scheme was to let the fine pig into the central yard and let him eat all he could out of the trough. When he had as much as he could hold, a hungry pig would be let in, and of course, begin to eat. It being a pig's nature to eat as long as it saw another pig do so, the man reasoned that the full pig would immediately set to work again and take another meal. When the razorback was full he was to be taken out and a third hungry pig brought in, when the same performance would be gone through again.

Antwerp's Bell. From the cathedral tower at Antwerp 80 bells have, for over 200 years, rung out music for the benefit of the people living on the green fields which border the Scheldt. Once a year, in the month of February, the authorities select the music, and the organ and bells ring from the old masters of Christian song.

A Professional Bird Catcher. Berlin pays a salary to a professional bird catcher, who keeps scientific and educational institutions supplied with birds, birds' nests and eggs, and he is the only man in the empire permitted to do so.

The train of the dress worn by Catherine de' Medici on her marriage in 1533 with Henri, second son of Francis I. king of France, measured no less than 48 yards in length and was carried by ten pairs of pages.

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## Choice Miscellany.

## THE FATE OF A LAZY MAN.

I've heard a remarkable story: I don't assume any special authority, but grandmother says it's a true one. And grandmother ought to know.

'Twas in the old Mohawk valley, About eighteen-twenty-two, When hard-working people were many And lazy people were few.

That there lived a peculiar genius— John Smith, 'tis a common name— Who was both a drone and a sluggard, 'Twas said, to his lasting shame.

Not that Smith lacked for bone and muscle, He owned a supply of both; But his merit—if he had any— Was buried deep in his sloth.

At last his industrious neighbors Decided that such a shirk Had no right to the air of heaven, And must die if he would not work.

So they went to where John was sitting, Enjoying the pleasant sun, "Lazy bones, your race is run, 'For you will not consent to labor, You will never learn to thrive, And we know no special reason, Why you should be left alive."

"Behold in this wagon a coffin Of seasoned Georgia pine; Just climb up over the side of wheel there And into the box recline."

"While we carry you to the graveyard. No words! We will have it so. You've brought it all on yourself, you are Too lazy to work, you know."

John Smith aped three times, then he arose, "My fate, if on you depends; Here goes for your piteous old coffin; Don't spoil a good fun'ral, friends."

Then he laid himself down contented In the box of res'ous wood, And they drove quite slow toward the graveyard As a funeral procession should.

Till they met an innocent neighbor, Who had not yet heard the news, A generous man, and kind hearted, Most liberal in his views.

Who halted to make some inquiries: "Wherefore this funeral?" he cried; "I surely have heard of no sickness, Nor of any one that's died."

"Slothful Smith," said the driver, shortly: "Not dead, but he will not work. So we're taking him to the bone-yard To bury the lazy shirk."

"Don't do that," the good neighbor pleaded, "Let's assist this man forlorn; Please let him go soot free this time. I'll give him a bushel of corn."

Smith listened, and peeped from the coffin, "Is it shelter corn?" he inquired. "It is not!" Well, go on, then, driver, And let me out to be hired."

"To hunt my soft hands while a-stripping My living from off the cob; No, friend, I decline your kind offer. Drive on! Let's finish the job."

Did they bury Smith, are you asking? I don't know. The tale ends there; If there is much risk of loss from disease before the turkeys can be matured, or if the number grown is so great as to overstock the place, it may be advisable to turn them off at this age.

Possibly there are many other sections where small turkeys can be profitably marketed in this way. If young chickens, ducks and geese can be sold at greater profit, for more money, when partly grown than if kept until much larger and fed twice or three times as long, there may be possibilities for the enterprising turkey raiser in this direction.

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## DAN'S PRIVATE MARK

FOUND ON A MOSQUITO, IT SAVED HARDIN'S LIFE.

Neither Knife Nor Branding Iron Was Used on That Ranch, as the Owner Was a Pretty Fair Shot and Always Kept in Practice.

"There was pretty good shots," said the old sheep raiser when the boys had finished telling about some glass ball shooting they had done at the gun club tournament, "but folks nowadays don't do no more special kind of marksmanship. There was Dan Hardin who ran a sheep ranch in west Texas in 1881; he could shoot."

"Pretty good shot, was he?" asked the boys, to draw the old man out.

"Well, he was a good, fair shot for those times and locality. A Colt's 45 was Dan's favorite. He run about 6,000 sheep and a good many cattle and horses. The ranchers all marked the ears of their stock, each man in a different way, to distinguish their property. Dan's mark was a hole in the left ear and an underbit in the right, and he never allowed a knife to be used on his ranch. He marked every animal himself with his six shooter, and he never made a mistake. It was a sight to see him galloping across the prairie on his mustang after a bunch of lambs or a round up of spring calves, a-placin his marks with his 45 and never varyin a sixteenth of an inch from where they belonged. Dan marked more mavericks than anybody else in the country put together."

"From practice so much Dan got to be a first rate shot. He used to ride along in his pasture and put his mark on the coyotes and jack rabbits as they kept his head in. It got so that nine times out of ten when a man killed a deer with his Winchester he would find a hole in its left and an underbit in its right ear, and he'd always send Dan over a quarter of venison when he got it home. I seen Dan win a bet of \$500 one day from a tenderfoot. We was ridin along the road and we seen the ground a-bumpin up where a mole was shovin along out of sight under the earth. Dan made his proposition, the tenderfoot took him up, and Dan's old 45 went off a couple of times. We dug the mole up and he got so that nine times out of ten when a man killed a deer with his Winchester he would find a hole in its left and an underbit in its right ear, and he'd always send Dan over a quarter of venison when he got it home. I seen Dan win a bet of \$500 one day from a tenderfoot. 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## Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of Ayer's sugar coated pills. They treat the liver as a friend, not as an enemy. Instead of driving it, they coax it. They are compounded on the theory that the liver does its work thoroughly and faithfully under obstructing conditions, and if the obstructions are removed, the liver will do its daily duty. When your liver wants help, get "the pill that will."

## Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

## Items of General News.

The mills are starting up with a whiz in New Hampshire, under the inspiration of the new tariff law.

After a shut down of over a month, the four large mills of the Fall River, Mass., Iron Works company, employing about 2,700 hands, started up on full time Monday.

The elevator of the Davenport Glucose Works, at Davenport, Iowa, was the scene of two terrific dust explosions, Thursday, as a result of which four lives were lost and two persons were seriously injured.

The following appointments were announced at the White House, Friday: James Jeffries of Camden, Tenn., and Rose Griffin of Kansas City, commissioners to allot lands in severity to the Indians of the Uncompagire reservation in Utah.

While crazed by morphine, Wm. W. Lawrence, on Sunday morning shot at Woodstock, Vt., Thomas C. Seaver, Judge of Probate for Windsor county. The chances are against recovery. The would-be murderer was gripped at a decision made by the judge.

Michael Angellio, alias Goli, who shot and killed Senor Conovas Castillo, prime minister of Spain, on Sunday, August 8, was executed at 11 o'clock, Friday morning, at San Sebastian, according to the sentence of the court martial imposed upon him Monday, after his trial on the previous Sunday, which sentence was confirmed by the supreme council of war.

The large woolen mill, operated by Henry C. White & Son, at Cheapside, R. I., was destroyed by fire at an early hour Friday morning, together with several houses and a large barn. The mill had a large four story tenement house, a two tenement house and a cottage. Nearly all the occupants of these houses lost their furniture. The total loss is estimated at nearly \$200,000.

The Rev. Perry Hopkins, a bishop in the American-African Union Methodist church, died in New York, Friday. He was 76 years old and for many years was a preacher in New York. Before the war he was a slave. He belonged to Robert Gamble, a planter at Eastern Shore, Md., but he bought his freedom and went to New York 45 years ago. Thursday evening he preached on "The Mysteries of Death."

Advices from Honolulu, dated Aug. 15, say: "The American flag has not yet been raised over Hawaii, and there is no indication that it will be. Just before the last steamer left for San Francisco on Aug. 27, it was rumored that on August 2, the United States minister would take possession of the islands. He was to receive definite instructions on the steamer Monday, arriving at Honolulu July 29, but evidently they failed to come."

A despatch to the Daily News, London, from Tabrec, capital of the Province of Azebia, Persia, says that on Thursday the Kurds raided the district of Salmasan on the Turkish-Persian frontier. They sacked and destroyed two Armenian villages and massacred 200 persons, Christians and Muslims alike. The Persian government has decided to send more troops to the scene of the invasion.

Everett Willis of Taunton, Mass., who attempted to rescue his convict brother from the Massachusetts State prison, was removed from the Massachusetts General hospital, Saturday, and now occupies a cell in the city prison. He knew nothing about what was to take place. Not a word had been dropped to him for fear he might make a bold attempt to escape. A guard will be kept on his cell for an indefinite period.

Information has just been received to the effect that the Italian bark Fiducia, Captain Rasetto, from Paganella, June 10, for Marseille, was spoken by August 16, in latitude 36.04 and reported having been boarded on August 15, abreast of Cape Baba by fourteen pirates who fired on the crew, ransacked the vessel and stole the papers, charts, instruments, provisions and clothing of the crew, cutting down the gear and carrying off the captain, boatswain and a seaman. The Fiducia was captured by a Canadian schooner and instruments by a passing vessel and was then enabled to proceed.

Frank Weber of Buffalo, Warren Bush, 21 years old, of Chicago, and Charles Glynn, 20 years old, of Chicago, employed by the United States Express Company, who have been camping on the banks of the Niagara river for a week with several companions, Sunday, hired a small boat at La Salle and started to row across the river to the Canadian shore. On the heavy current their boat became unmanageable and upset. The men were seen by a number of people on shore struggling in the water, but before assistance could reach them all three were carried over the falls on the Canadian side.

## MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The new Universalist church at Kingfield was dedicated with appropriate and impressive exercises on Wednesday. The sermon was preached by Rev. C. A. Hayden of Augusta. The church has about \$3,100.

The corner stone of the Jewish synagogue, being erected in Bangor by Beth Israel Society, was laid Sunday afternoon with appropriate ceremonies.

The new Catholic church in South Paris was dedicated Sunday.

Wm. Bligh, the three-year-old son of Lawrence Bligh, was struck by an electric car on Elm street, Biddeford, late Saturday afternoon, and instantly killed. The little fellow ran in front of the car which was moving rapidly, and before the motorman could stop it the footboard struck the boy in the back of the head. His skull was crushed in.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver ills, Biliousness, indigestion, Headache. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

## GRANGE NEWS AND NOTES.

"The best Grange meeting I ever attended," is the verdict of a conservative farmer on the Field Day exercises at Vassalboro, Saturday.

A special meeting of Kennebec Pomona will be held Saturday, Sept. 25, with Manchester Grange.

While it is true that those who represent the Grange in official duty should be fairly compensated, there never will be any hesitation upon the part of any true patriot to do duty and cheerfully what they may by way of self-sacrifice and effort in behalf of the great cause. Unfortunately all farmers are not millionaires, and very many are in such financial condition that they cannot devote time for their calling, unless compensated. Others more fortunate can do so. The line to be drawn should be clear to all.

A regular meeting of Kennebec Pomona Grange will be held with Albion Grange, Sept. 15, opening at 10.30 A. M., with the following programme: Opening exercises and conferring 5th degree. Recesse for dinner. P. M.—1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 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